

THE ART-UNION.

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SCULPTURE
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EXHIBITIONS
FOREIGN ART
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PROGRESS OF ART
&c. &c. &c.

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HISTORICAL PAINTING IN ENGLAND. PART I.

When John Knox pronounced from the pulpit that it was preposterous to imagine the Lord could be pleased with a "Kist o' whistles," the same blow that demolished the organ-loft destroyed also the ornaments of the altar; and pictures and carvings were burnt, and statues broken up, as the "graven images" of idolatrous worship. The music took refuge in the songs and ballads, which has stamped a peculiar plaintive air over the national melody: for even where the measure was changed, and set to loose, and immoral words for the purpose of bringing it into ridicule, it has influenced, in a high degree, the character of the Scottish music. The sister art was less successful, for Painting, like the dove of Noah, "could find no resting place for the sole of her foot," neither could she return to her sanctuary, but perished, and left no trace behind; and though in England the reformers did not go the unholy length of "dingin' doon the Cathedrals," they defaced, and demolished everything in the shape of religious pictures and sculpture; what remained of them after the suppression of monasteries and chapels, were burnt by an order of the House of Commons, in 1645, which runs "especially those pictures having a representation of the Virgin and Child." And at the destruction and sale of Charles I.'s effects, the Cartoons of Raffaele might have shared the same fate, had not Cromwell paid into the treasury three hundred pounds to have them assigned to himself. The arts thus driven from the church—the cradle and great sanctuary of Historical painting—it never can be properly considered as having taken root in England, for its features were changed to suit the conceptions of the people. With Raffaele the purity of design may be said to have died; for though, after the sacking of Rome, it revived in Venice, yet it assumed a more allegorical and ornamental shape, which clung to it also in Flanders when flourishing under the pencil of Rubens; and when the stream of wealth drew the art into Holland, it assumed a still more humble aspect, and became little more than a faithful representation of familiar life, in which shape alone, it may be said to have become congenial to England. Nor can it be said to have improved in dignity of subject under English nurture. Artists, like authors, are but caterers for the public appetite; and when critics complain of the slow advances of the English school in what is termed "high art," the class of subjects on which they are employed ought to be always borne in mind. On a reference to the pictures of the Italian and Venetian schools,

we find that, through a long space, their genius was nourished, and strengthened by subjects such as the following, which not only demanded refined thoughts and the highest style of design, but engendered corresponding sensations in the artists, viz.:—'The last Supper,' 'The Nativity,' 'The Resurrection,' 'Christ in the Garden,' 'The Holy Family,' 'The Entombment,' 'Peter Martyr,' 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' 'The Transfiguration,' 'The Crucifixion.' While, on reference to the catalogues of the present time, we find the genius of the English artists confined to the productions of such pictures as 'Look, Ma!' 'Grann's Specks,' 'Blowing Bubbles,' 'Smoking the Cobbler,' 'The Cat's Cradle,' 'The Tight Shoe,' 'The White Horse,' 'The Father's Pairing,' 'The Broken Pitcher,' 'The Paper Lantern,' and a thousand others of the same stamp, where anything like style in either drawing or colouring, would be detrimental to the effect. Compared with such a class of art, portraiture, though by Reynolds, placed in the lowest grade, is dignity itself; and much more likely to lay a foundation for a school on which posterity may build, when the taste of the people becomes refined. Yet, though historical painting is at present at so low an ebb, there are individuals both artists and patrons who have, to their honour, stood boldly forward to protect and foster the higher branches of painting; but in order to bring the subject more clearly before our readers, it will be necessary to revert to an earlier period: and, without wading through the rubbish, that deformed the walls or ceilings, in the shape of allegorical absurdities, we shall clear all away, for the purpose of giving West the honour, of laying the foundation stone of the Historical school of painting in England.

What West has achieved in restoring Historical painting to the purity of its original channel, can only be appreciated by those who have contemplated the debauched taste, introduced into this country by Verrio, Laguerre, and other painters, who revived the ridiculous fooleries patronized in the reign of James the First; but which had, by the countenance of the nobility and people of fashion, taken strong hold of most men's minds. Cunningham, in his life of West, says, "A change was now to be effected in the character of British art; hitherto historical painting had appeared in a masquerade habit: the actions of Englishmen seemed all as having been performed, if costume were to be believed, by Greeks or by Romans. West at once dismissed this pedantry, and restored nature and propriety in his noble work of the 'Death of Wolfe.' The multitude acknowledged its excel-

lence at once; the lovers of old art, the manufacturers of compositions called by courtesy, classical—complained of the barbarism of boots, and buttons, and blunderbuses, and cried out for naked warriors with bows, bucklers, and battering-rams. Lord Grosvenor, disregarding the frowns of the amateurs, and the, at best, cold approbation of the Royal Academy, purchased this work, which, in spite of licentious and cocked hats, is one of the best of our historical pictures. The Indian warrior watching the dying hero to see if he equalled in fortitude the children of the desert, is a fine stroke of nature and poetry." Not was this triumph achieved over the multitude alone, but the heads of the nation, and the heads of the fine arts were both filled with misgivings, respecting this new doctrine. "When it was understood," says West, (in Galt's life of this artist) "that I intended to paint the characters as they actually appeared on the scene, the Archbishop of York called on Reynolds, and asked his opinion; they both came to my house to dissuade me from running so great a risk. Reynolds began a very ingenious and elegant dissertation on the state of the public taste of the country, and the danger which every innovation incurred of contempt and ridicule; and concluded by urging me to adopt the costume of antiquity, as more becoming the greatness of my subject than the garb of modern warriors. I answered, that the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region of the world unknown to Greeks and Romans, and at a period of time when no warriors who wore such costume existed. The subject I have to represent is a great battle fought and won; and the same truth which gives laws to the Historian should rule the painter. If instead of the facts of the action, I introduce fictions, how shall I be understood by posterity? The classic dress is certainly picturesque, but by using it, I shall lose in sentiment what I gain in external grace. I want to mark the place, the time, and the people, and to do this I must abide by truth. They went away; and returned when I had finished the picture. Reynolds seated himself before it, and examined it with deep and minute attention for half an hour; then rising, said to Drummond, "West has conquered—he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated. I retract my objections: I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in Art." "I wish," said the King, to whom West related the conversation, "that I had known all this before, for the objection has been the means of Lord Grosvenor's getting the picture; but you shall make a copy for me." This anecdote,

though it operates against the foresight of Sir Joshua, carries truth on the face of it. But we must bear in mind that a revolution was coming over the minds of men in other matters besides painting; the stage, the great "veluti in speculum," has also undergone a complete reformation in costume. Nothing could persuade the great Roscius of that day from playing characters of the deepest tragedy in a full court dress. Only fancy in our times the murderer of Duncan coming on in a bag-wig and dress-sword! To the late John Kemble we are mainly indebted, for this great assistance in producing a reality to the illusion. Though Reynolds acknowledged his error respecting the strictness of the costume in historical painting, he seems never to have given up its impracticability in works of sculpture. In his tenth discourse he says, "The desire of transmitting to posterity the shape of modern dress must be acknowledged to be purchased at a prodigious price, even the price of *everything* that is valuable in art. In this town may be seen an equestrian statue in a modern dress, which may be sufficient to deter future artists from any such attempt, even supposing no other objection, the familiarity of the modern dress by no means agrees with the dignity and gravity of sculpture."

Had Sir Joshua lived to our times, and seen what has been accomplished by Bacon, and Sir Francis Chantrey, he no doubt would have joined in the general approbation. Indeed, we even question whether "the City of London and the corporation thereof," would tolerate the Duke of Wellington sitting on horseback, with the naked legs of Julius Caesar. But leaving these digressions, though naturally springing out of the subject in question, we return to the great founder of the English school. His 'Death of General Wolfe,' his 'Battle of the Boyne,' and his 'King Lear in the Storm,' (as they are all engraved) must convince every one of his just claim to that appellation, perhaps in a higher degree than the pictures, as his colouring was bad, his handling mannered and hard, and both tending to destroy the effect of the leading features of historical painting, invention, and composition. And while we return to West, to George the Third we must accord the merit of being, not only the founder of the Royal Academy, but the great patron of West, and encourager of historical painting. The King not only gave him a pension of £1000 a year; but when the artist hinted that the noble purposes of historical painting were best shown in depicting the excellencies of revealed religion, the monarch threw open St. George's Chapel to be decorated with sacred subjects; and, on his Majesty's restoration to health, finding that the work had been suppressed, and the money withheld, he instantly ordered him to be paid, and the works proceeded with. These things were not only creditable to his Majesty, as one of the greatest patrons of historical painting, but also as to his enlightened, and liberal views on the subject, and form a striking contrast to the treatment the Art received from the heads of the Church at the same period. For when the Academy proposed to decorate St. Paul's with works of art, in the hope of its influencing other churches throughout the kingdom, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, West, Barry, Dance, Cipriani, and Angelica Kauffman offered pictures free of expense, the Bishop of Bristol, Dr. Newton, at that time, Dean of St. Paul's, warmly took up the idea; but the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London refused their consent. The Bishop of London said, "My good Lord Bishop of Bristol, I have already been too deeply and imperfectly informed of such a plan having been in contemplation; but as the sole power at last remains with myself, I therefore inform your lordship that whilst I live, and have the power, I will never suffer the doors

of the metropolitan church to be opened for the introduction of Popery into it!"

Notwithstanding this "heavy blow and great discouragement" to the cause of English Art, the example of his Majesty was the cause of many altar pieces being painted by West and others; one of the best of which is the very appropriate one in the chapel of Greenwich Hospital, representing Paul after his shipwreck in the island of Melita. But it is not by a few solitary instances such as these, that a School of Design can be formed: the stream of patronage must flow through a long space of time; and a succession of artists exerting their talents on the highest class of subjects, which would not only have a beneficial influence upon the taste of the people, but also refine and elevate the inferior branches of the art itself. Driven from the Church, the parent of historical painting from the earliest ages, the British artists turned their thoughts to subjects connected with the history of their country; filled as it is with many of the brightest examples of virtue, talent, and courage; and the 'Death of Chatham,' the 'Sortie of Gibraltar,' and 'the Battle of La Hogue,' shewed their capability of producing works worthy of being handed down to posterity; and laying a foundation for a school of painting worthy of a great nation. And had they been painted of a large size, decorating the halls or palaces throughout the kingdom, as in Rome, or Venice, or Florence, would ere now have been engendering in the minds of the people the most beneficial results: in place of which, they are only known by the engravings from them, to the excellence of which they owe, perhaps, their present existence—else we might have had to search for them in the garrets, or lumber portfolios of the dealers in old prints, along with ephemeral productions of the same period, such as the 'Marriage of George the Third,' the 'Baptism of the Prince of Wales,' 'General Cornwallis receiving the Children of Tippoo Saib as Hostages,' and many others "that strut and fret their hour upon the stage, and then are seen no more." These productions had, therefore, little weight either with the nation or the government, for on Parliament voting several sums of money to record the Deaths of the Heroes, or their glorious actions during the last war, sculpture was preferred to painting, as being more durable, and also more suitable to the taste of the people; thus another opportunity was lost, on which Historical Painting might have expanded her genius; and her sons were driven once more into the hands of the print-sellers and booksellers, for protection and patronage, unless they chose, like Barry, to paint gratuitously the Public Halls. The Society of Arts, wishing to patronize and stimulate other inventions besides reels, and wheels, and spinning jennies, offered premiums for the best pictures of Landscape and History. Their deciding in favour of the ill-assorted combinations of Smith of Chichester, when competing for the prize with Richard Wilson, showed their total incapacity to comprehend the more difficult department of Historical composition; but a desire to create a school of painting in England at this time, seems to have infected all classes; and authors and artists combined to divert the current of some of the tributary streams, that were pouring in their waters to the channel of commerce and manufactures. Johnson, as well as others, lent his aid, and in one of his papers in the *Idler*, he says, "In a nation great and opulent, there is room, and ought to be patronage, for an art like that of painting in all its diversities; and it is to be wished that the reward now offered for an Historical picture, may excite an honest emulation, and give beginning to our English school." After giving a few hints as to the nature of the subjects, he proceeds to give a pen-and-ink sketch of 'Cromwell dissolving the Parliament;' and, as the Doctor was a high

church and state man, and a "good hater," it is marked with a boldness and vigour, that makes West's picture, of the same subject, look tame and insipid. "If the design were not too multifarious and extensive," he observes, "I should wish that our painters would attempt the 'Dissolution of the Parliament by Cromwell.' The point of time may be chosen when Cromwell looked round the pandemonium with contempt, and ordered the *bauble* to be taken away; and Harrison laid hands on the Speaker to drag him from the chair. The various appearances which rage, and terror, and astonishment, and guilt, might exhibit in the faces of that hateful assembly, of whom the principal persons may be faithfully drawn from portraits or prints; the irrelative repugnance of some, the hypocritical submission of others, the ferocious insolence of Cromwell, the rugged brutality of Harrison, and the general trepidation of fear and wickedness, would, if some proper disposition could be contrived, make a picture of unexampled variety, and irresistible instruction." Here we possess a sketch with the true feeling of a master, combining all the bustle of Tintoretto with the gloomy firmness of Carravaggio; and giving us his idea, how much action and expression contribute to the existence of a Historical composition. The print-sellers and publishers of the period were not behindhand in joining the general excitement, and the Shakspeare Gallery, and Bowyer's History of England, were planned to embrace the talents of the principal British artists.

Before, however, proceeding to investigate the effect of these works upon the progress of Historical painting, it will be necessary to explain what is generally considered the component parts of a school of painting, and what is strictly Historical.

VARNISHES AND VARNISHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'ART-UNION.'

SIR,—A celebrated painter of antiquity—when some friends expressed their surprise at his bestowing what they, in their wisdom, deemed an undue proportion of labour on some work upon which he was engaged—replied, with the conscious supremacy of genius—"in eternitatem pingo!" And such, doubtless, has been the mental ejaculation of many an artist endowed with more or less of that lofty attribute, from that hour to this. But, alas! for the vanity of human assurance, not a vestige of that, nor of any other of the creations he designed for immortality, have descended to our days. The ravages of barbarian destructiveness, or the slower but not less fatal operations of time, have long since consigned them to oblivion; and we can only judge of the beauties they possessed, by the testimony of admiring contemporaries. And alas! for the self-congratulations of many a modern aspirant for future renown; for although, in the present state of society, the mischievous effects of ignorant barbarism (if we except that of picture cleaners), are no longer to be apprehended—yet time has not forgotten his old tricks, but fails to work tooth and nail, and that right speedily; yea, sometimes even before the picture has left the studio of the artist; and cracks, and blisters, and discolours, the gems he had fondly destined to transmit his name to posterity.

As to whether we may say, with any great confidence, "What we have seen, our sons will see,"

I must own I entertain a slight degree of scepticism.

These reflections have been suggested by the paper of your correspondent "T. B." on vehicles, varnishes, &c. "et id genus omne." I fully agree with him when he says, "That the subject of vehicles for painting comes in to furnish matter for discussion amongst us is not seriously to be regretted." We ought, indeed, to have come to some "conclusion as to the propriety" of using this or that preparation as a medium. But all that we have gained by the experience of our predecessors, would seem to point out the impropriety of employing our great masters that do not exhibit the imperious effects of the media with which they were painted. The Flemish painters, especially those of the seventeenth century, appear to have been possessed of the secret; but they used it as a means to an end—while ours there are who seem to consider it as the ultimatum to which all their attention is to be directed, imagining that if once attained, it will, like Aladdin's lamp, place all the treasures of art within their reach. But this is

a fatal delusion. With those master spirits it was subservient to much higher purposes: in proof of which, we never in their productions see any of those fantastic freaks—in which some, who ought to know better, are wont to indulge. They knew its proper use, indeed, and like sensible folk, avoided themselves of it accordingly; but it never offends by any unnecessary display: like a "dainty Ariel," it works itself unseen; not, like a "Deus ex machina," obtruding itself disagreeably upon the spectators. We have only to compare a picture by Teniers, Ostade, or Gerard Dow, or in short, any master of that period, with those by our own Wilkie, in the National Gallery—admirable as they are—none will deny that, in the quality of texture, they are as far deficient as they are superior in sentiment and expression. And sensible himself of this deficiency, has he not in his latter works incurred the danger of following the example of him, who

"Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens evitare Charybdim?"

Has he not occasionally been seduced into the other extreme? To instance only one—the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' exhibited in 1837. Was not transparency in that work carried to excess, conveying the impression, at least it did so to me, of the object being seen through deep, still water? And may not the plus of this quality be fully as objectionable as the minus? In regard to durability at least, I am inclined to think more so.

"Let those teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have painted well,"

is a dictum that would seem to preclude me from writing thus upon the subject; and did any good authority exist upon the point in question, I should feel more diffident of obtruding my observations on your readers, but as those who have shown that they possess the necessary qualification, do not seem inclined to come forward, these may at least, if of no further value, serve to stimulate investigation and discussion; would that I could add—and lead to the desired result.

Circumstances have prevented my having much intercourse with the world of art. I have on that account, perhaps, thought more for myself than might otherwise have been the case; and in my out of the way solitude, have been driven to expedients, and reduced to make experiments, which some previous acquaintance with chemistry has enabled me to engage in. Into a detail of these, however, I do not at present intend to enter; although, when I shall have had time more sufficiently to put them to the test, I may favour my brethren with an account of their failure or success, as may turn out. I shall restrict my observations to some two or three of the topics discussed in "T. B.'s" paper. And first of all, let me enter my most uncompromising protest against copal varnish as a medium. It is not to be depended upon. T. B., who seems to have a "sneaking kindness" for it, admits, that "if it be unequally diffused through the colour, cracking will most likely occur." And herein lies the difficulty, this is the "Pons asinorum." Were it merely required, as in coach painting, to cover a panel, or a canvass, with one uniform coat of colour, the object could of course be easily accomplished; but painting a picture is "another guess sort" of an operation. Alterations, retouchings, scumblings, and glazings, take place so frequently, and in such diversity, that by the time the work is completed, he must be little less than a magician who can ensure such an equal distribution throughout as will tend to its preservation. Besides its leathery appearance, and the flat, meagre surface it puts on when dry, the rapidity with which it begins to harden, altogether prevents the artist from acquiring that rich suavity of handling which confers such a charm on the pictures of old, and which is only to be attained in some vehicle that stands up and continues moist for a sufficient length of time. If any of its devotees require conviction on this head, let them attempt to copy a Ruysdael or a Hobbema therewith, and they will soon be made sensible of the truth, if not of the elegance of the adage, that "there is no making a silk purse of a sow's ear." Having already, in my remarks on the work of M. Mérimée, entered more fully into this subject, I shall not repeat the observations therein contained; but content myself with referring such of your readers as are interested herein, to page 134-5 of your former volume.

The work of Field I am unacquainted with; he is stated to consider early varnishing to be attended with this advantage, "that it prevents the absorption of oxygen, to which the picture is liable by the exposure of its surface to the influence of the atmosphere." Field, it would seem from this, was but an indifferent reasoner: if he feared that the colours themselves were liable to change from this circumstance, he was, perhaps, slightly in error, each molecule of colour being enveloped on all sides with the vehicle, is less liable to be acted upon by the oxygen of the atmosphere than may be supposed (unless in the case of pigments in a low degree of oxidation). It is to the degrading rays of light that such changes are mainly to be attributed, or occasionally, perhaps, to the injudicious mixture of substances whose chemical affinities are such as to induce mutual decomposition. And this early varnishing, instead of contributing to the durability of the work, will probably be found to have precisely the opposite effect; as, by excluding the access of oxygen—an object considered so desirable—the oil, or whatever may have been used, is prevented from ob-

taining that solidity which is so essential, and which depends entirely on the combination of the oil (which must form a portion of every medium) with that substance. It is this property, of becoming solid by the absorption of oxygen, which distinguishes the drying oils, and has led to their adoption in painting: the fat oils (of which olive is a well-known example), though they also are capable of absorbing it, yet do so with less readiness; and never do they attain the hardness of the driers, bearing rather a resemblance to wax or stearine in consistence. Nor do all the driers themselves possess this quality in an equal degree. Following the directions given in some old Dictionary of Arts, I, at my commencement of painting, used poppy oil with flake white. I have now in my hand a specimen, on the surface of which I can make impressions with this pen—not a patent Perryian—but a good old-fashioned grey goose-quill; its colour is as pure as when first applied, and it is unobjectionable as to surface; but it will never be hard.

Nut oil, with perhaps a very slight admixture of turpentine, of the highest possible rectification, I think fully equal to any vehicle for the sky and distances. Should it be found not to dry quick enough for an impatient genius, a little very finely ground sugar of lead (that sold by the colourmen is not a quarter part sufficiently fine) will much improve it in that respect; nor do I conceive it at all objectionable. Even linseed, by far the best drier, almost entirely loses this power by the action of certain colours, such for example as carbon, either mineral or artificial; to overcome this defect some addition is absolutely indispensable; and we know nothing better than sugar of lead (or perhaps litharge). It is more on this substance (sugar of lead), than on the mastic employed, that Ibbotson's mixture, which he calls gumption,* depends for its utility, and it really is a "compound" by no means "villainous," when properly prepared—an art not very easy of acquirement. A friend of mine, who has made it by pints and quarts, not to say gallons, tells me that with all his experience he sometimes fails in bringing it to a due consistence; in which case the ingredients are apt to separate after application to the canvass, and the surface becomes covered with minute incrustations like shagreen. This is a defect we are never called upon to lament when examining a collection of the Flemish or Dutch school. But much I fear that their secret is, and will continue to be a "lost Pleiad, found no more below." How should we not exult at the discovery of some masty manuscript, containing memoranda of media, &c., by Teniers, or Berghem, Van Huysum, or Vandewilde, or Cuyt, or to descend to a more recent date, the voluptuous, yet elegant and fascinating Watteau!

A few words more on a remaining topic, and I will conclude this paper, which has already extended to a further length than I at first contemplated; but for this the importance of the subject must be my excuse. With regard to the question of employing some watery preparation previously to varnishing, I certainly do not pretend to any experience on this point, never having so treated a picture; but I do not, from what I have observed, think that I shall be induced to adopt the plan. Dabbling, myself, both in oil and water colours, I have occasionally laid down paper on panels, prepared for painting, and I have invariably noticed, that wherever the paste or gum has spread upon the primed ground (unless the latter were very old and hard indeed) that it has torn and cracked it in a strange way; and I should conceive that similar substances applied to oil pictures would by no means tend to improve or preserve them. That exclusion of air is desirable, I think I have shown to be a fallacy; the preventing an union with the after varnish may, indeed, prove beneficial, if the first application should be found to have no detrimental effect. But this I doubt. Being not only acted upon by heat, in common with other varnishes, but also by moisture, it appears to me, that by alternate expansion and contraction, as it is exposed to a moist or a dry state of the atmosphere, while the surface which it covers remains uninfluenced by that circumstance (analogous to what takes place when two bars of metal, of unequal degrees of expansibility, are united at the extremities, and exposed to a change of temperature), this I imagine is not at all likely to add to the chances of durability. Moreover, a case somewhat in point: there exist at Helmingham, in Suffolk, the remains of two once magnificent Wilsons, which the late Earl of Dysart, himself an amateur and a bit of an experimentalist, having I suppose some objection to varnish, covered over, as I was given to understand, with size, or glaire of eggs; the consequence of which has been the destruction of these fine works—portions only of the sky (evidently painted with a less proportion of vehicle, and consequently having attained a greater degree of hardness) having escaped the general wreck. Here I shall leave off for the present. I may, with your permission, return to the subject at a future period.

* I perceive that an attempt is making, doubtless with very laudable intentions, to supersede our old acquaintance, gumption, in our estimation. I do not know the qualities of the compound which is intended to replace it; but until I can obtain some insight into its nature, I do not think that I shall be tempted

"To lay that flattering unction to my canvass."

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

The fourth Annual General Meeting of this Association, to receive the report of the Committee and distribute the prizes, was held on Monday, April 27th, at Mr. Rainy's Gallery, in Regent-street; the Most Noble the Marquis of Northampton in the chair. At the request of the Committee George Godwin, jun., Esq., F.R.S., officiated as Honorary Secretary, and read the report. From this it was seen that the number of members had increased from 1058 to 1970, and that the total amount subscribed was £2250: of this the Committee had allotted the sum of £1400 for the purchase of forty-two works of art, on the following scale, namely, one at £200, one at £150, one at £100, one at £80, one at £60, five at £50 each, two at £30, ten at £25, ten at £15, and ten at £10 each. Besides these various sums, sixty proof-impressions of the engraving, to be hereafter published by the Society, were added as prizes.

The report congratulated the meeting on the establishment of local Art-Unions throughout the country, several of them direct consequences of the Art-Union of London. "Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Norwich, Bath, and Bristol, are each taking their part in the efforts now being made for the advancement of the arts. In the sister kingdom too, Ireland, where, up to this time, the arts have been grievously neglected, a similar association has been formed, and is proceeding, it is said, with good success. Not merely every Irishman, but every man of philanthropic spirit, who feels (as all must feel who have thought upon the subject) that the cultivation of taste 'softens men's manners, and suffers them not to be brutal,' must rejoice more especially at this latter circumstance, and be anxious to lend his utmost aid in furtherance of the endeavour."

The committee mentioned their intention, notwithstanding, to increase greatly their list of local secretaries, so as to make it include, if possible, a resident in every important town in the United Kingdom. On the conclusion of the report, it was resolved unanimously, "That it be received and adopted; and further, that this meeting, fully recognising the importance of the object for which the Art-Union of London is formed, do pledge themselves to assist in carrying out the recommendations of the committee therein contained." Scrutineers having been appointed, the distribution was then made, by lot; and the following were announced as the names of the highest prize-holders:—Walter Boyd, £200; John Marshall, £150; Charles Pigeon, £100; R. Balchin, £80; D. R. Blane, £60; and J. Barrow Montefiore, David Lidderdale, Luke Minchall, C. Adlard, and Walter Ellis, £50 each.

Cordial votes of thanks to the committee for their past exertions; to Mr. Rainy, for the use of his gallery; to Mr. Godwin, for his services as hon. secretary on that day, and his general exertions in promotion of art; and to the Marquis of Northampton, for his kind and able conduct in the chair, were then passed. Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq., F.R.S., Mr. Alderman Wilson, T. L. Donaldson, Esq., Dr. Dickson, F.L.S., J. Wilks, Esq., and Edward Wyndham, Esq., took part in the proceedings.

The conclusion of the report enforces so important a truth, that we make no apology for quoting it. "The influence of the fine arts in humanising and refining—in purifying the thoughts and raising the sources of gratification in man—is so universally felt and admitted, that it is hardly necessary now to urge it. By abstracting him from the gratification of the senses, teaching him to appreciate physical beauty, and to find delight in the contemplation of the admirable accords of nature, the mind is carried forward to higher aims, and becomes insensibly opened to a conviction of the force of moral worth and the harmony of virtue. By assisting, then, to implant a taste for works of fine art, and to afford means for the universal enjoyment of it, all may rest assured that they are forwarding the best interests of humanity, and entitling themselves eminently to the applause of the right-minded."

There are a few matters connected with the society, upon which we shall take an early opportunity of offering some comments; having reference more especially to the print annually issued; the character of which has hitherto been detrimental, rather than beneficial to the arts.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INJUSTICE TO ARTISTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'ART-UNION.'

SIR,—I wish most particularly to draw your serious attention to an injustice which has been lately committed towards artists, and which I trust we shall not see repeated. In a former number of the ART-UNION, you state the balance of the Exhibition at Leeds, after paying all expenses, is more than £2000; that few, if any pictures have been sold; and that this sum of £2000 has been given, not for the promotion of the Fine Arts, not to the numerous artists whose works have been exhibited, and who have been instrumental in gratifying the people of Leeds with a view of their pictures; no, Sir, to neither of these objects; but to the Mechanic's Institute. Now, it is a notorious fact, that the lowest mechanic can and does earn more from his daily labour than many of the young artists of our day, and that the successful mechanic, as in the numerous instances now before us, realizes in a few years a princely fortune; whereas the most accomplished artist of the age must be content with a moderate professional income during life, and frequently dies in the hope that posterity will accord to him the meed of fame denied to him by his contemporaries.

Were the instance of the Leeds Exhibition a solitary one, it might be treated as an instance only of a want of appreciation of the value of the Fine Arts. But I understand that Mr. Hayter, at the solicitation of Mr. Scholefield, M.P., sent to Birmingham, Mr. Hayter's state portrait of herself, painted for Buckingham Palace; this was exhibited for one week only, and during that week a sum of nearly £300 was realized, after defraying every expense, and this sum was again paid to the Mechanic's Institute.*

We are compelled to acknowledge the superiority of design in the manufactures of foreign countries: the smallest works produced in France show a taste and knowledge of design unknown to us. The minister of the day, with us, talks of a School of Design, and liberally does out to it a small sum of public money, and thinks that in one or two years we may be able to compete with our continental rivals! Alas, this can never be while so limited an encouragement is given to the Fine Arts of this country, and such fostering care is tendered by the reigning Monarchs of the continent. Let us, for an instant, look to France. Napoleon collected all the finest works of Art in Europe to one grand focus in Paris; he multiplied them by the most celebrated engravers of the day, and distributed copies to all the public libraries of the kingdom, as well as to the several officers of state. He thought the Arts the glory of his country. Louis XVIII. followed, though slowly, in his steps; while the present King of the French, with a paternal care, extends his patronage and support to all the artists of the day, and not only to the artists of France, but, to his honour tell it, that many of our English artists have received from him diamond rings and autograph letters expressing his delight at their productions.

Can we be surprised that the arts of this country do not advance in the same ratio as those of the continent? Can we marvel that the continental markets are supplied with more tasteful manufactures than we produce? No, the wonder is that we do so much as we have done; and but for the very laudable and praiseworthy endeavours of the Royal Academy, the arts of this country must have degenerated. What has been Royal patronage to the arts since the decease of his Majesty George the Fourth, whose single collection of pictures in the Waterloo Gallery of Windsor Castle, if he had never possessed another picture, will hand his name to posterity as a liberal patron of the Fine Arts. His Majesty, William the Fourth, commissioned a few portraits only of himself and Queen. Her present Majesty has been pleased to extend her patronage to some pictures of the events of her own time. But until the Fine Arts are popular from the monarch on the throne to the peasant in his cottage, we can never expect to rival or compete in the markets of Europe with the manufacturers of France and Germany. To you, Mr. Editor, we all look for assistance in the day of need; and never so much as at present do we desire to raise your potent voice against the great injustice committed by taking from the Fine Arts those sums collected by the exhibition of the works of artists, to be given to aid the flourishing provincial Mechanics' Institutes.

Apologizing for the length of this epistle,
I am, yours,
A SUFFERING ARTIST.

[There is much good sense and sound reason in this letter; for which we beg to thank our correspondent. It is most unjust that artists should be called upon to form an exhibition, which is in no degree made to forward their interests. Of the £2000 collected at Leeds, they did not, we believe, receive 2000 pence. This must not be. A proportion of the receipts must be withheld; or rather expended in works to be reserved; that the painters may be benefited, and the mechanics receive permanent gratification and improvement from examining their productions. We trust that when next application is made to artists, it will be accompanied by some notice to this effect.]

* We have just learned that the mechanics of Grantham, have obtained a loan of this portrait.

HONORARY EXHIBITORS.

MR. EDITOR,—A letter in your last number signed "Artistic," has induced me to lay down my mahl-stick and palette for an instant, to offer a few remarks in reply.

With "Artistic" I deeply regret the insufficient accommodation the present Royal Academy rooms afford to exhibitors; but with this admission on my part, all union of feeling ceases. Than his letter, I never read a more illiberal, unjust, or unartist-like production. Of all men, our brothers of the brush are in general the least given to avaricious exclusiveness. I have ever found our best artists very communicative of their advice, and in every way disposed to afford assistance and encouragement, even to *honorary* candidates for artistic fame. I therefore conceive "Artistic" must be some disappointed bungler, whose work has been returned to him, for the very best reason, viz., because it was found inferior even to the "tolerables" of the *Honorary Exhibitors*. Since "Artistic" seems fond of Othello, I will conclude by quoting for him three lines from that play—a *Roland for his Oliver*—

"Oh! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on."

Yours, &c.

MAHL-STICK.

[We have received four or five letters, commenting upon the observations of "Artistic," published last month. We have printed one of them, in order that both sides may 'have a hearing.' Our correspondent will see that it is needless, just now, to pursue the matter further. We observe there are, this year, in the exhibition of the Royal Academy, twenty works by "honorary exhibitors." We are at a loss to know the meaning of the term by which they are distinguished; and would willingly see it removed altogether. It looks very like a distinction without a difference; and may, by some thoughtless persons, be construed into a notion that the "artists honorary" would be ashamed to derive profit from their labours.]

ART IN THE THEATRES.

SIR,—Impressed with the value of your criticisms both to the artist under review, and to your general readers, I venture to draw your attention to a branch of art in which I am an humble practitioner, and which is rarely noticed by writers qualified to pass a fair judgment on its pretensions.

It will be readily admitted that there is no class of art so attractive of popular attention, and consequently, if correctly cultivated, so likely to improve public taste as the labours of the Theatrical Painter; of the thousands who nightly visit our theatres, not a tithe were ever within the walls of a picture gallery, and of those who now daily increase the throng of visitors to the National Gallery, it is not hyperbolical to infer that a considerable portion imbibed their first relish for painting from the vastly improved state of modern scenery, and the masterly efforts of Stanfield, David Roberts, Wilson, Grieve, Leitch, Tomkins, Marshall, and others, presented to them, even in their juvenile holiday treat, the Christmas pantomime. Yet, Mr. Editor, the works of the scene-painter, which, from their variety, require a very wide range of study, and from their extent become a positive physical labour, are doomed to the most limited existence, and the most superficial notice of critics, whose attentions, and minds, and purposes are directed to other matters, and biassed and often prejudiced against them; while the chamber illustrators of our poets, both painters and engravers, receive their meed of praise from competent critics and patrons of art, the original chief handmaid of the dramatic muse, scene-painting, and the artist, who aiding the author, "gives to airy nothing a local habitation" are frequently passed over with the ordinary mechanism of the stage and classed among the operations of the theatre. I think, on consideration, you will admit this is unfair and discouraging, and in a work like yours, devoted so ably and exclusively to the fostering of art, and the cultivation of a general and liberal taste for it, I trust shortly to see the labours of the dramatic scene-painter meet with some notice.—I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,
I. J. MACFARREN.

[We are indebted to our correspondent for this communication. The subject has frequently occupied our thoughts, and we have postponed it only until we could obtain accurate and satisfactory information concerning the rise and progress of scene-painting; a class of art that has long ceased to be considered with contempt or even with indifference.]

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

SIR,—I take the liberty of addressing you upon a subject, which appears to me to require amendment. I refer to the regulation by which the National Gallery of Paintings in Trafalgar-square is closed at 5 o'clock

in the summer as well as winter; by this plan, persons who, like myself, are occupied daily till that hour, are prevented from availing themselves of the means that collection offers for the acquirement of a correct taste in the Fine Arts, and are deprived of a rational and beneficial amusement. For myself it has long been a matter of regret, that in the light summer evenings I cannot occasionally pass an hour or two in contemplating some of the works of the great masters, who have done so much towards the improvement and refinement of the world, and which, although national property, are by the present regulations hid from the eyes of thousands who would admire and appreciate them.

What I would propose is, that during the summer months, the Gallery should remain open two hours later than at present, say till 7 o'clock; or should this be considered too great an encroachment on the time of the keepers, there surely could be no objection to this regulation being adopted twice, or even once a week on stated days.

Were you to represent this in your valuable paper, perhaps it might be the means of inducing the Directors of that Institution to amend the present arrangement, and you would thus add to the benefits you have already conferred on the public.

Yours, &c.

AN AMATEUR.

[The evil complained of may be very easily remedied; and we trust will be so. The object in establishing a national gallery, formed by the public,—the managers of which are paid for by the public—is to obtain the largest amount of public accommodation; and there can be no reason why a large number of persons desirous of visiting it, should be excluded from the enjoyment to which they have an undoubted right.]

THE USE OF COBALT.

SIR,—As an amateur water-colour painter, I have become much dissatisfied with the effect of skies laid in with cobalt. Its harshness, and want of transparency, are more observable, in comparison with the colour of skies at this time of year, than with those at any other; but, whether the azure be that of spring or autumn, cobalt, from its opacity, seems incapable of representing the softness and depth of the English sky. Some years ago, the Society of Painters in Water-colours opened an exhibition, which I visited, consisting of the gems of former years; and I could not fail to remark, that, notwithstanding all the brilliancy of modern drawings, there was an air of truth and repose in the cool tone of the older productions which overcame the disadvantage of their faded tints. Some pictures, by Girtin, and some, I think, by J. M. W. Turner, were pre-eminently beautiful; the painters of those days rarely employed cobalt, and generally used indigo, or Prussian blue. But, objections exist to these pigments. Indigo, though transparent, is too heavy, and not bright enough for morning or noon effects; and Prussian blue is raw and cold, and, it is said, possesses qualities that injure some other colours—and its basis being iron, it is liable to be seriously injured by damp—and yet, if its mere hue be considered, there is no colour so well adapted to express the desired tone, especially when tempered with a little lake.

I shall be obliged, if any of your readers, who are competent to do so, will point out, through the medium of your interesting journal, the advantages and disadvantages of each of these blues; and which of them, either pure or in combination, is best adapted to represent the prevailing character of English skies.

Liverpool, May, 1840.

CAMBRIDG.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITORS.

SIR,—I beg to direct your attention to a circumstance that seems to press hardly upon the members of our profession. I sent three rather large pictures to the Edinburgh Exhibition—they have been returned to me; and the sum I have had to pay for packing-case, &c., and carriage there and back, is barely within ten pounds; a sum I am not too proud to acknowledge I can very badly spare; and perhaps many of my brethren, similarly circumstanced, may still more severely feel the loss they have had to sustain. By offering some remarks on this subject in your excellent and valuable journal, you may do much good.

Your faithful servant,

AN ARTIST.

[We earnestly hope the directors of Provincial Exhibitions will supply some remedy for this evil; the incomes they receive would not be much impaired by paying the expenses to which unsuccessful artists are subjected; and a small tax might be fairly levied on works that are disposed of. Several of the institutions do, indeed, remit all charges; but there are others that do not. It is no argument that an artist is not compelled to contribute; for he is compelled in one sense though not in another; and he is of course naturally stimulated by hope, as well as by the necessity of appearing frequently before the public.]

THE MORAL OF A PICTURE.

By Mrs. S. C. HALL.

No. II.—THE UNJUST JUDGE.

It was an old lady who related to me the following incident; as it supplies evidence how strong a moral may be inculcated by a picture, I will endeavour to record it in her own simple words. When I knew her she was very aged; her sitting-room was adorned by paintings, generally of the higher class; but sometimes the sentiment, the conception of a subject was so superior to its execution, that I imagined she had more feeling than knowledge with regard to works of art. She moved about her apartment, leaning on the arm of her grand-niece, and pointing out her favourite pictures by a motion of the large old-fashioned fan that dangled from her arm; she was in truth a chronicle of the past—had sat to Sir Joshua when quite a child—and been the companion of West and Opie and Northcote, and all the great men of ancient times; seen David Garrick; and been patted on the head by Doctor Johnson—laughed at, and with, Oliver Goldsmith; and spoke of Queen Charlotte and George the Third as a handsome young couple. She was both rich and benevolent, and, despite her age and the infirmity of deafness, she was the best physician that ever entered the close atmosphere of the pale student's chamber; the ease and grace, and gentleness with which she enveloped truth, added to its beauty, but did not lessen its power. She was a sound critic—yet, a kindly judge. Sir Thomas Lawrence used to say of her, that her very look at ninety was inspiration!

Her general sitting room was in admirable keeping with its mistress: old chairs, old carvings, old china, old bits of tapestry—with, here and there, a drapery of golden yellow—a cushion or chair, covered by rich, deep-toned crimson velvet—and when the sun shone through a little painted window, illuminating an angle of the apartment with its fine tints, it threw a sort of halo over these silent, but sure indications of pure taste, and made the artist feel at once at home. Then the delight with which, when she found an attentive listener, she would draw forth from an old cabinet some cherished and exquisite miniature—the gem of her treasure house—and have a little tale to tell of every thing she possessed. Latterly she had, as I said, become deaf; but this did not diminish the cheerfulness of her well-toned mind—set her talking, and it was like a happy voice, from the graves of those mighty ones who now live but in their works.

"You said, my dear Madam, you would tell me the story of that picture, yonder," I observed one evening.

"Ah, yes!" she replied, "that, my dear, was painted by a young man!—poor fellow, I shall never forget what old Northcote said to me about him; but that does not matter now! It was April—a few days before the pictures went in for exhibition to Somerset House, and I was sitting in this very chair, as I have done for the last five and forty years! About noon—when Nancy—(Ah, we have no such servants now-a-days!) Nancy told me that an artist, she was sure from the country, wanted to show me a picture. I admitted him immediately. He placed his production in the best light, and apologizing briefly for his intrusion, stood opposite to that very picture whose 'story,' as you call it, you wish to hear. Young men, my dear, in those days, were more ambitious of painting than dressing, like Raffaele—they did not wear their hair over their shirt collars—cultivate a moustache—and scent of cigars; and yet, I never saw any human being look more like a creature of glorious inventions than the poor pale boy—for he was little more—who painted

"The Unjust Judge."

His orb-like brow would have well become a crown of laurel; and though he was so singularly handsome, that for a few moments he was the picture upon which I looked, I felt sorry at heart for what was stamped upon his features—

"What?" I inquired.

"DEATH," was the solemn reply. The old lady rose from her seat, and taking the arm of her beautiful relative, who resided with her—trottered opposite the picture. "Observe," she continued, "the hard stern countenance of the magisterial looking man, who, seated at the head of the table, has de-

cided that the widow—the young widow of an old and faithful tenant—has no further claim on the land, which she imagined secured to her by virtue of a letter, the fragments of which are upon the ground. Observe the look of purse-proud satisfaction the new tenant casts upon the friendless woman, whose faded mourning evinces that she has no means to apply to a higher court. Note how full is the leathern purse he has ostentatiously placed upon the table; do you not see the convulsed clutching of the widow's fingers—as she stretches forth her hands to implore mercy, where she might demand justice; the veins of her small white throat are distended by suppressed emotion; her eyes are heavy with unshed tears; and observe also how indignant the boy looks; he has just ceased to grasp the crape shawl that has nearly fallen from his mother's shoulders: his little fists are clenched, as much as to say, "See how I will be revenged when I become a man." The accessories also are well, yet not too strongly, developed. The fat and insolent cat has driven the widow's timid little dog into a corner: his eyes in utter helplessness are raised to his mistress's face, whose agony is too great to heed the distress of her puny favourite! I do not often look upon it," she added, returning to her seat, "though it conveys a fine moral; yet, whenever I do, I turn my eyes into my own breast, least I, also, may have been an UNJUST JUDGE!"

The old lady paused—and her last observation found an echo in my heart. Great God! how true this is: how apt are we to sit in judgment on each other; how apt to pronounce sentence on a sister's frailty—on a brother's crime—without a knowledge of the temptations which led either to the one or the other—without even enquiring whether what we have heard be true or false—how outrageous we become, if we are judged; how careless, in judging!

"But the story!" I said at last. "It is not ended?"

"Hardly commenced," she replied, and then continued. "I expressed my approbation in a few words, for the subject touched me; there were faults in the colouring; but the moral was so true, that I saw at once the youth had the elements of high art within him. It is an admirable thing to do justice to nature, to copy faithfully the immortalities amid which we live; but it is still more glorious to embody the workings of the mind, to create, to lead, as it were, the inventive faculties of our fellow creatures into a higher world. The avarice of the Unjust Judge is stamped upon that face, for ever—and the supplication of the widow seems bursting from her lips. After looking at it for some little time, I enquired what value he put upon his production; he said, 'he had never thought of that, he only wished it to be exhibited.'"

"And, why then, did you bring it here?" His pale cheek flushed, while he replied, "that he resided in Northumberland; was not acquainted with any one in London; and feared that if he sent in his picture it would not be exhibited, unless some one were good enough to speak for it. So that it might obtain a place—a place where it could be seen—particularly by one person."

I told him I would purchase it. He thanked me; but that, he said, was not what he wanted. He wished it to be seen at the Royal Academy; he had heard that I knew a great many of its members. Would I, if I liked the picture, say a kind word for it to those who had power—his only wish was to see it hung where one person would be sure to see it. The request was so strange—the picture and the youth both so interesting, that I desired much to unravel the mystery. I soon gained the young man's confidence, and his story was quickly told.

His father had been one of those upright God-fearing tillers of the soil from whom our greatest men have sprung; his life was the last in the lease he held of his land, but he had received a letter from his landlord promising in case of his death a renewal of it on the old terms. His father died, and in less than a week after his father's death, the landlord died also; his mother had so firm a dependance upon the letter, that she never thought of the lease: indeed, as the young man said, she was too much absorbed in her own grief to think of worldly matters, until a notice to leave what had been so long her home, was served upon her. It was in vain she endeavoured to see the landlord: he would not admit her—she

wrote—no notice was taken of her application—"beaten down," he said, "by circumstances, she would sit day after day looking at a small defaced water-colour drawing of my father, which had been done by some itinerant artist, and seemed her only consolation. I was too young to share her griefs, but not to observe them; and I remember the desire I felt to make a picture like the one she loved, that it might be caressed by her. One morning she had been weeping bitterly—and urged as it were by some sudden resolution, she took my hand, and we walked together in silence to the Hall, regardless of the rebuffs of the servants. My usually gentle mother forced her way into the 'Squire's library'—and discovered, what I afterwards knew she expected, from the information she had received—her landlord in the very act of signing the lease that was to deprive us for ever of the cherished dwelling of our ancestors. Roused by a sense of his injustice, she placed before him the letter from his father to mine; in an instant he tore it into atoms, and flung it on the floor. Stung still more deeply, she clasped her hands, and uttered a prayer of few words, but deep import, that he might never die, until he acknowledged his injustice. Had I known how to curse I would—boy though I was—have cursed him from my soul; but my mother had taught me nought but blessings. We returned home: she knelt opposite to where my father's picture hung, as if it had been a shrine, and poured out her soul to God in prayers for patience. I stood by her side. "Kneel with me," she desired. I obeyed—but she observed the stubborn spirit that roused within me, and while tears streamed down her cheeks, she made me repeat words, which for the first time found no echo in my heart. The softness of the child had altogether departed from me. I felt as if my spirit had sprung at once into manhood—we arose from our knees, I put my hand in hers, kissed her cheek, and said, 'mother, do not weep; I will protect you.' I shall never forget the music of the sweet blessings she poured upon me then—while hot, hot tears coursed each other down her cheeks. From that time I saw her weep no more—though I knew she wept. For me, I grew hard and stern. I shunned my playmates during the few days we remained in our old dwelling. I could neither eat nor sleep; my soul swelled with indignation and revenge. We left our pleasant dwelling: the shadow of the trees fell no more upon our paths, the hum of my mother's bees, which had been as the music of the sunbeams, sounded no more in my ears; the willow, planted by my father on my birthday, which had grown to be a tree while I was yet a child, no longer waved above my head. We lodged in a small room of a small house, in a neighbouring village—a small clean room, furnished out of what seemed our abundance; the window-sill crowded with plants such as my father loved—those perishable, yet sweet records of affection; our dog, our household friend, shared our exile; but even that I had little sympathy with: my mind was bent upon things above my reach, but not beyond my desires. My mother worked at her needle, and taught me all she knew, and every halfpenny I could procure, could earn—for I was no beggar—by little acts of usefulness, I laid out in purchasing paper and pencils. I did not know then what being an artist meant; but I knew that I should like to copy my father's picture; to draw the scenes of my early childhood; to depict the one particular scene that was burnt into my heart; to grow, by some means, to be rich and powerful, that so I might be revenged on the unjust judge. This last resolve I dared not impart to my mother, from a consciousness that it was one she would disapprove the most. And yet that man bought pictures and hung them on his walls; and people eulogised his liberality, and praised his taste—and that he had taste I cannot doubt; but he had no heart. Is it not strange?" enquired the young painter, "that a man can tell what is excellent on canvas, and have no appreciation for what is excellent in life; can understand what is natural, when delineated by the painter's art; be touched by painted tears, and yet be utterly incapable of feeling, and combining the sensations which spring from nature? Is not this most strange and contradictory?"

I told him he would not think so when he had seen more of the world, and understood how many contending currents meet, and struggle within

the heart of man. Perhaps you are already tired of the young artist's tale? I like, old as I am, to hear of struggles, of difficulties overcome, of mountains scaled by hardy enterprise, of seats upon their pinnacles; and I spoke words of hope to him, which fell like rain upon a fertile soil—for his mind was one large treasure-house of poetry. And then he related much of the past: of his own privations he evidently did not think; but his mother's sorrows, lessened as they must have been by cheerful industry, and lightened by the knowledge of his innate talent, dwelt upon his memory. Yet he confessed to moments of most keen enjoyment; the calmness of the Sabbath evening, when the music of the bell had ceased, and the voice of the preacher, or the melody of the choral hymn, chaunted by infant voices, mingled with the perfumed air; when the worship was over, and playing with a pencil, which his mother kissed him "not to use on Sunday," she read within her little room the scenes from Holy Writ, which, PRAISED BE GOD, have taught many painters the road to immortality! and, when obliged to labour in the fields, his eye drank in the magic hues of cloud and rainbow, sunshine and shadow; in truth, he said, the more he saw of nature, the weaker grew his purpose of revenge towards "the unjust judge." The beauties of the beautiful world softened his spirit; but when he looked upon his mother's hands, hardened by labour, or saw her feeble frame, bending with more than woman's weakness, his purpose revived, the agonising scene, stamped upon that canvas, rose before him, and, as he grew older, he determined, "an' that he lived to be a man," to do—what you see he did accomplish. Several years before (for an artist's talent is long budding before it blossoms), while his was yet in its infancy, the man who had acted so cruelly left his neighbourhood, and came to reside near London. He paid a visit to his property but once, and then offered his *patronage* to the boy artist he had so injured; by whom, I am proud to say, it was indignantly refused. The gentleman was bitterly hurt at this, for he would have greatly enjoyed the notoriety of "bringing out" such extraordinary talent. How different from the warm and noble zeal which makes and bears the torch to light the path of genius! "But I grow prosy," said my old friend, "and will hasten onward—the desire of the young artist was, that his picture might be placed where it could be seen to advantage; *he* had grown out of the memory of his mother's persecutor, and had resolved to stand where he might watch by it, to see the effect it would produce—not upon the world, but upon him whose injustice he had depicted with so powerful a pencil. "If," he said, "I could but see him change colour; if I could perceive the least indication that he felt the reproof; that the circumstance was recalled; that the power he had crushed into the dust had risen, and stood before him to reprove his injustice; if I could only make him feel, I should be satisfied; it is now all the revenge I covet."

"But his mother?" I enquired.
"She still lives," was the reply, and then, my old friend informed me, that his (the artist's) resolution on this subject, almost amounted to insanity; he fancied his picture would work a miracle; soften a hard heart; change the current of a man's blood; alter his nature. Like all those who live alone, and who judge of mankind from themselves, his information, his conception of human character, seemed as contracted as his imagination was vast and vivid; and, in addition to this, he was suffering from a constitutional sensitiveness, which made him far more susceptible than rational men are supposed to be.

His picture went at the appointed time, to the appointed place. I studiously kept the secret that the persecutor, the unjust judge, was intimately known to me; and, feeling as I did, the utmost anxiety for the young painter, I made him consider my house his home. But his spirit had all the restlessness of genius. As a boy at school counts the days, the hours, that must elapse ere he returns to his home, so did this creature—compounded as he was from the finest essences of our nature—count the moments until the Academy would open. It was almost frightful to witness his fits of anxiety, as to where the picture would hang—if it would have a good place—if it (perchance!) might be killed by some glaring sunset, or saffron sunrise—when the artist, "mad with

glory," deepens the hues wherein Almighty God thinks best to steep His landscapes. It was positively fearful, after such agony fits of care, to see the avidity with which he drank in the inspirations poured by the old divinities upon their canvas. It was wonderful to observe how his mind, taught by nature, distinguished at a single glance the gold from the tinsel; and how he spurned whatever was counterfeit or poor. He would, after such excitements, return to his calculations touching his own picture. Sometimes depressed at its inferiority when compared with what he had just seen; at other times, full of hope, calculating on the probable result—repeating the difficulties he had encountered—recalling the tears which stood trembling in his mother's eyes, when some simple villager would express such natural wonder as to "how he learned it all!" Then he would picture the rich tyrant acknowledging his injustice, and confessing shame; calculate as to the probability of his picture, the first-born of his brain, being extolled by the critics—portray his mother, her thin fingers trembling, and her emaciated form bent over the column where her son's name was marked with praise—hear her read his commendation, and then fall upon her knees in gratitude to God, remembering in the hour of triumph, as well as in the hour of sorrow, that it is He who gives, or takes away, as seemeth best. Then, poor fellow—in the fulness of his heart he would describe such pictures as he was to paint—he did not care for poverty, not he! he knew it well! he never could be as poor as he had been—he felt his power, like the infant Hercules, strangling his foes without an effort—his fortune in his hand—his patent to immortality made out! He and his mother could live in a garret—ay, and die there!—But he would make a name that would defy eternity—he would!—"Poor—poor fellow!" repeated my old friend mournfully. And yet there was nothing boastful in this; it was pure enthusiasm.

Those who had seen the picture here were delighted and astonished, and more than one assured me the placing would be cared for. I felt so convinced that the composition would stand upon its own merits, that I did not desire to lessen the dignity of my new favourite, by requesting as a favour what I felt he had reason to demand as a right. "A foolish thought!" said the old lady, taking a fierce pinch of snuff—"a foolish thought, for those who want to get on in the world; but a wise one for those who prefer the jewel of existence—SELF-RESPECT—to aught else."

The first Sunday in May arrived, to be followed, of course, by the first Monday. He sat with me till late, not here, but at Richmond, where I reside occasionally. He was looking out over the river, floating in the glory of the setting sun; speculating, as usual, about his picture, and the chance that by that time next night it would have been seen, and its merit acknowledged by its unconscious author, to whom he wished to show "the moral of a picture." He was literally wild with hope and excitement—speaking of his mother—wishing for her—and then saying what glory it would be to see some of those mighty masters of his art who had lived and moved among us. Like a young eagle, he panted for the rising sun, towards which he longed to soar. Poor, poor fellow!

There was a pause, and I longed to hear what was to follow, yet feared to enquire.

"The next morning," she continued, "I ordered the carriage so early as to drive under the gateway at Somerset House about a minute before the hour at which the doors were to open. There was the usual crowd—the earnest, intense-looking students; some more pale than usual; others flushed by anxiety—mixed up with critics, and poets, and persons wishful to be the first to see the National Exhibition, whose quantity, quality, and arrangement indicate the nature, and progress, and power of British art. But few of the Academicians were there, though one or two were recognised; and, notwithstanding the density of the crowd, room was made for them, and a murmur ran—'Do you see Stothard?' or 'There is Westall;' or 'That's the young artist, Wilkie;' intimating the current of the people's thoughts. My young friend recognised me—bowed—and then the doors were opened. I saw him rush forward with the rest; and, just as he was about to enter, he turned his face towards me: it was lit with a light which disappointment would quench in death. He waved his hat, and disappeared. I waited until the crush

had entered, and proceeded to obtain a catalogue. It is marvellous how quickly a crowd disperses—all had passed up stairs. Suddenly my arm was pressed: I turned round. There stood the young painter; his face shorn of its beams, his whole aspect changed from that of a living man to an almost breathless corpse! He seemed rooted to the spot; while, in a tone, the character of which I cannot describe, he muttered, 'My name is not in the catalogue.' There were, doubtless, many others that day doomed to the same disappointment—many who, perhaps, deserved the annual oblivion which overwhelmed the industry and hopes of the past year; but, unhappily, there were also many others who were condemned to the same suffering, merely because there was not space in wealthy England to display the treasures of that genius which confers honour upon the land that calls forth its existence. Many worn and anxious faces—many whose hearts were crushed—passed beneath that portal; yet I heeded but the one. I knew the boy could not survive it long. He had never anticipated its rejection; nor, indeed, had I. I insinuated there might be some mistake; but, easily depressed as excited, he only clenched between his hands the doom-book of so many, and shook his head. I ordered the carriage to be recalled, and, taking his arm, led him towards it. As we descended the steps, I felt him start and shudder. I looked up: the unjust judge stood before me! The coincidence was strange. On the instant I invited him to dine with me the next day in town: the invitation was accepted. My footman assisted the lad into the carriage, as if he had been a child. He shrunk into the corner, his noble spirit totally prostrated by his disappointment; while he turned his face away, to conceal the agony he had not deserved. I think," said the good old lady, "I suffered almost as much. After many efforts, I succeeded in turning the current of his thoughts; I assured him the picture should be seen the next day, and that he should witness the effect it produced. I insisted on his remaining entirely at my house; but he had been lessened in his own esteem, and suddenly his manners had become lofty and severe. I let them remain so for a little; but, assured that nothing would so much relieve his overcharged heart as tears, when we were quite alone on the morning of the next day, I spoke to him of his mother—of the scenes of his youth; of her piety—her tenderness—her love. The boy conquered the stoic: I left him weeping.

"I had undertaken a most painful task; but it was my duty to complete it.

"As the dinner hour advanced, I placed the picture, which I had reclaimed, in the best possible light; but drew a curtain, so as to shade it from observation 'till the time of trial arrived; the artist was in the room; and at last my guest came. After a few minutes had elapsed I arose, as I do now, and stood here; the painter remaining in the embrasured window.

Suddenly I displayed the picture, and asked him what he thought of the story.

"Do you read the story clearly, Sir," I said. "Perhaps, as it is mine, you will help me to a name for it. A widow, Sir, a poor widow believed in her landlord's honour, and entrusted to him a promissory letter for the renewal of the lease which expired with the breath of her dead husband. You see her there—beauty and sorrow are mingled in her features. He has taken the letter, and behold you how men—ay, and rich men too, value their honour—its fragments are on the carpet; the weighty purse of the rich farmer has outweighed the woman's righteous cause. Can you name my picture, Sir? Her child—her boy, feels though he does not understand the scene; he has dropped his mother's shawl; his hands are clenched; if God spares him to be a man, he will devise some great revenge for that injustice." I thought the gentleman turned pale; and I knew that my young friend was crouching in his lair. "Look you, Sir," I continued, "out of the pictured window; is not the landscape pleasant? the tree is remarkable; a famous tree in Northumberland—the—the—something else. And within, as you observed, the accessories are well made out; the fierce cat pouncing on the little dog; the elk's horns stand out from the panelling; and the emblazoning of the shield and arms upon the wall—the arms are distinct—"

"Madam!" he exclaimed, in a voice hardly audible from agitation, then paused—

"The scene took place," I continued, without heeding the interruption, "some ten or twelve years past. Is it not so, Edward Gresham?" I added, appealing to the youth—

He came forward; pale, but erect, in the consciousness of his own rectitude, and satisfied that the great object of his existence was attained.

Although I was much agitated, I saw the eagle eye of the artist look down the hurried glance which the Unjust Judge cast towards him, and I almost pitied him—humbled as he was by the conscious shame that overwhelmed him. He was stricken suddenly by a poisoned arrow; the transcript of the unhappy story was so faithful; the presence of the youth so completely fastened the whole upon him, that there was no mode of escape; and his nature was too stolid—whatever his disposition might be, to have any of the subtle movement of the serpent about him.

"And you," he said, turning away while he spoke. "You, whom I have known for twenty years, have subjected me to this."

"Do you acknowledge its truth—its justice?" demanded the young painter; "do you acknowledge the fidelity of my pencil? I have toiled, laboured, suffered, to show you your injustice in its true colours: but I see you, the proud landlord, turn from the orphan-boy whom, in open defiance of every righteous feeling, you sent homeless, homeless, fatherless, friendless, upon the world: I see you cannot meet my eye for shame. Ay, ay, proud gentleman, *that* will live when you—ay, and I, too—are in our narrow graves!"

"I offered you reparation," said the landlord, overpowered by the energy of the painter, and the truth of his picture; "I offered you reparation."

"You offered me *patronage*!" retorted the indignant boy: insult with injury." The landlord turned to me; he was greatly agitated. "Has the patronage I have extended to many, Madam, even within your knowledge, been injury?" he enquired.

I could not but acknowledge that he had purchased many pictures; and replied his collection would prove that he highly appreciated art.

"I will," he added, "even now give him any sum he chooses to name, for that picture."

"It is sold," replied the artist.

The old gentleman's countenance changed: he walked up and down the room; once or twice he paused, and looked at the sad history, which he would then have given much to obliterate.

"I confess," he said, "the faithfulness of the portraiture; but there were palliating circumstances—still, I confess I acted wrong. I confess it! I will make retribution: we cannot tell what our acts may produce."

"Injustice," said the youth calmly, "is the parent of misery to the injured and the injurer; it was a cruel act, setting aside its treachery: it was a cruel act, God can judge between thee and me! My mother, a delicate, fragile woman; myself almost an infant; and your father's promise, Sir, your own father's promise, that you scorned: oh, sir, how could you sleep with the consciousness of such injustice, haunting your pillow!"

"You have your revenge, young man, your revenge," murmured the gentleman: "I acknowledge my injustice; I will make reparation."

"You cannot cancel the past; my mother's years of suffering; my own of labour: but enough. I see you feel I have conquered; my feeble hand has sent conviction to your heart! and I—"

He staggered to a chair, and became more pale than usual. I thought he was dying, but it was not so; the heart does not often give way in the moment of triumph—for it was a triumph. I must do the landlord justice; he repeated his regret, he even entered into the young man's feelings, and commended his art: he did all this, and the next morning remitted me a large sum, "as a debt due by him to those he had injured."

How apt are the rich to think that money can heal all wounds. My poor young friend only survived sufficiently long to see his mother, though but for half an hour. It was almost in vain that, kneeling by his bed-side, she implored him to think of the world to come. He believed he was too young to die.

"I triumphed, mother; I triumphed," he repeated, his eyes glittering with unnatural brightness—"I triumphed; I made his heart quail, and his cheek blanch, and he begged my forgiveness; but it was altogether too much for me: first, the disappointment, and then the triumph—

it fermented my brain; though I found another mother, who taught me that the just and the unjust are mingled together; but now that turmoil is past, you are with me—really—really with me. I will sleep on your bosom, my own mother, as I used when a little child; and to-morrow I will tell you all I mean to do!"—"Then all is peace!" she murmured—"Ay, mother, all is triumph, and peace, and love," he replied—"I wonder how I could have hated him so long." He laid his head down with the tranquillity of a sleepy infant; and it was in vain she tried to repress the tears that fell upon the rich luxuriance of his hair—he felt them not.

"He has slept more than an hour!" she whispered me. I saw he would never waken—I could not tell her so, but she read it in my face. It was, indeed, a corpse she strained in her arms, and long, long was it, ere she was comforted. I never saw my old acquaintance afterwards; but he requested, as I would not yield him up the picture, that I would never suffer it to pass from my possession, or mention his name in connexion with it. He died many years ago; and proved his repentance by providing, in a worldly point of view, for her who had been so long the victim of his injustice.

The Rosery, May 12.

OBITUARY.

ALEXANDER NAYSMITH.—In recording the death of Alexander Naysmith, which took place at his residence in York-place, Edinburgh, on the 10th of April last, at the venerable age of 82; we have to lament that the grave has closed over the last remnant of the old school of Scottish artists, of which he was the distinguished and patriarchal representative. Mr. Naysmith was born at Edinburgh, in the year 1758; early in life he came to London, and was apprenticed as a pupil with Ramsay, son of the celebrated author of the "Gentle Shepherd:" shortly after the termination of this engagement, he visited Rome, where he remained several years, pursuing his studies with assiduity and success; ostensibly engaged in the study of historical and portrait painting, the natural bent of his mind led him nevertheless to make numerous sketches of the scenery and architecture of Italy, afterwards the fertile source from which many of his best pictures were taken.

On his return to his native city from Italy, he commenced the practice of portrait painting, and numbered among his sitters, many of the most distinguished men and women of his time. Amongst others of eminence it is to his pencil we owe the only authentic portrait of the celebrated though unfortunate Burns, who was an intimate friend and admirer of Naysmith. His predilection for landscape, however, being very decided, induced him gradually to withdraw from portrait, and assume that walk as more congenial to his spirit; a branch of art which he long continued to adorn. The productions of his pencil in this department are necessarily very numerous, as he pursued his labours almost to the day of his death; they are characterized by great delicacy of feeling, much truth and decision of handling, and a natural and rich warmth of colouring; whilst his selection of subjects bore evidence of a refined and cultivated taste. A peculiar interest attaches to his latest subject, which he finished only a few weeks since—having felt himself at some loss for a subject he resolved to paint one, which he entitled "Going Home." It is an aged rustic returning from his labour, to the rest of his quiet cottage, amid the splendour of an autumn sunset; how prophetic of the approaching close of his own protracted career! when the curtain of rest was to be drawn before his eyes, in the evening of a long yet joyous day.

Of his success as a teacher, to which he devoted a considerable portion of his time, no better proof could be produced, than the works executed by his own family, all of which are characterized by the same healthy and natural qualities which have rendered his own valuable; and which can never fail to interest all lovers of nature. Some of his competitors, may have far excelled him in the heroic grandeur of landscape composition, but in that sweetness and beauty, which depend upon a skilful selection of his subject, combined with a minute and artist-like execution, at once elaborate and simple, no one has surpassed him.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

SCOTLAND.—The new association for promoting the Fine Arts in Scotland have issued their annual report. We have already made reference to it; and it is therefore only necessary now to congratulate the society on its satisfactory progress; it has existed only three years. The first year there were 340 subscribers; the second 811, and the third 1011; we trust there will be a proportionate increase from year to year; there can be no doubt that many will subscribe both to the "old" and the "new;" although it is more than probable that several who do not give two subscriptions will leave the one to join the other—those, that is to say, who prefer selecting prizes for themselves to conceding so pleasant a duty to the charge of "a committee." We have not ourselves been fortunate enough to obtain a prize in any one of the institutions to which we have contributed; but if we had been lucky enough to have done so in one constituted as the "old" society is, we should certainly have written to "the committee" to request, as an especial favour, they would be pleased to select for us a certain work we should have taken the liberty of pointing out; and we venture to suggest that prize-holders generally should act upon this plan; a plan we humbly submit liable to no objection, and which, if encouraged rather than discountenanced, might at once remove the evil so extensively complained against.

The new association have forwarded to us their published print. We regret to describe it as an utter failure; totally worthless both as an object to look at and a work of art. We find, however, that the next to be issued is likely to be of a much higher character; although we cannot consider "The Widow," by Mr. Allan (the picture we presume exhibited last year in the Royal Academy), by any means his most successful effort; still, as compared with the poor affair before us, it is interesting and valuable. We again beg to enter our protest against the absurdity of confining the selection of a work to be engraved to the prizes chosen by the society.

DUBLIN.—ROYAL IRISH ART-UNION.—We rejoice to learn that the society for promoting the Fine Arts in Ireland so progresses, as to surpass our expectations, and to realize our most sanguine hopes of its ultimate success. The exertions of the honorary secretary, Stewart Blacker, Esq., have been unremitting; he is entitled to the gratitude of his country, and will receive it when the effects of his labours are felt and appreciated. We do not, however, find that many of "the Irish in England" are among the subscribers; and trust that next year, efforts will be made to procure a large accession of strength in London. Among the "officers" elected for the years 1840-1, there are no fewer than ten noblemen; and the list of the committee of selection, consisting of twenty-one, contains the names of several persons of the highest rank and reputation, affording a guarantee that the choice of prizes will be a just and proper one. The first general meeting of the society has been held. The selection of prizes is, of course, to be made exclusively from works exhibited in Dublin; but a very absurd attempt was made by a Mr. Mulrenin, a miniature painter we believe, to limit it to the productions of artists actually resident in the Irish metropolis—a device that would inevitably have destroyed the infant institution; inasmuch, as with the exception of, it may be, half a dozen, including for aught we know to the contrary, Mr. Mulrenin himself, the artists of Ireland live and flourish, as absentees, having been hitherto compelled to act upon the principle laid down by their countryman Barry, when he exclaimed that "Ireland had given him breath, but never would have given him bread." Among the painters born in Ireland, who have established characters in London, are Shee, Mulready, MacIse, Lover, Franklin, Brooks, McManus, Crowley, Nicholl, Rothwell, Scanlan, Elmore, Behnes, Foley, and a few others, whose names we cannot now call to mind. And if Mr. Mulrenin had succeeded in depriving them of the advantages to be derived from the society, he would have achieved a triumph, the result of which must have been to compel the committee to select as prizes such desirable acquisitions as miniatures of Master Jeremiah O'Mahony and Miss Biddy

MacGillcuddy. We are not quite so sure, however, that the choice ought to be as extensive as the committee have made it; or that it ought not to be limited to the works of artists native of Ireland. It is only just to give the reasoning of Mr. Stewart Blacker on this subject:—"He conceived it a short-sighted policy to advocate such restrictions. Only one society had adopted this system, and that was in Scotland. Even there it was objected to; and another had been established which left the selection open to all competitors. It should be borne in mind that this is not a society got up to promote the interests of individual artists, but that it had a far nobler aim—the inculcation and spreading abroad over the country a taste to appreciate the higher degrees of art. The principal way in which it was proposed to effect this, was by the encouragement of a good annual exhibition. Could we calculate on a good exhibition, if these restrictions were enforced? Certainly not; but if the field was left open to all competitors, our native artists, for their own credit, would have to aim at a higher standard than they had done for some time past, when the general observation that was given to solicitations in favour of this society was, who would give house-room to the majority of the pictures sent to the exhibition in Dublin? We must raise and maintain the highest standard of merit at once and for ever, or all our exertions will be worse than useless."

PLYMOUTH.—Our information concerning the Plymouth exhibition is anything but satisfactory. There would appear to have been an absence of unity and cordiality among the members of the society, which produced a corresponding apathy on the part of the public. A want of judicious and liberal management is evidenced by the fact, that not a single native artist of eminence contributed a picture, not even of those resident in the town: the consequence was, that the institution (the Plymouth Athenæum) sustained a loss by the exhibition, and that only one picture (a water-colour drawing) was sold. We trust that better arrangements will be made in future, and that the members will bestir themselves to procure an exhibition commensurate with their advantages and the resources they have at their command.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

The fourteenth exhibition of this National Institution opened on the 27th of April; on that day the Lord-lieutenant had a private inspection, and afterwards the noblemen and gentlemen composing the committee of the Royal Irish Art-Union; both parties expressed themselves much gratified at the successful re-opening effected by this body after the intermission of last year. On the following day the public were admitted. It gave us much pleasure to observe that a considerable change has already been effected for the better, both as to the number of original works of merit exhibited, as well as the increased interest the public appear to take in the subject; several sales having already been made by private individuals independently of the Art-Union Committee who appear very active. Our space will not permit us to enter very fully into the Catalogue, but the mere mention of the following names, shew that the Irish public have been well supplied. Cregan, Rothwell, Martin, Dewin, Copley Fielding, Stark, Herbert, Mulvany, O'Connor, Crowley, M'Manus, Grey, Thompson, Burton, Lance, Gillard, Nicholl, Lover, O'Neil, Hayes, Kirk, Tracy, Petrie, Murphy, Daubrawa, Howis, Wood, &c. &c. But to enter more into particulars: first, then, place to the president—Mr. Cregan, P.R.H.A., and certainly the president has given himself place—contributing eighteen pictures, all portraits, and the majority on a very large scale, the cabinet productions have been jostled right and left, some sent to the ceiling, and others to the depths below; while the line, that point of jealousy, has been monopolized by subjects which would rather be improved than suffer from a little elevation. This is not as it should be; Mr. Cregan's name is deservedly established; his works are all commissioned and paid for; the public will in future expect more consideration on his part for those who may contribute to enhance the chief interest of the exhibition by works of fancy, and who are thus in a great measure precluded from their due share of public regard. The portraits presented by Mr. Cregan this year have much merit: the best as to colouring and expression is No. 55, 'A Lady.' The 'Portrait of the late Earl of Norbury' is viewed with particular interest, having been taken just before his assassination; and the head of a daughter of 'Lady Grace Vandeleur,' sketched in coloured chalks, has elicited much admiration, as evincing the talent of a master hand.

Richard Rothwell has five pictures. 31. 'A Study,' is a beautifully conceived female figure, seated with downcast eyes, "doing modest;" white draperies relieved by a greyish blue sky with a single star, give a great coldness to the subject. In 72, called 'A Remembrance' (wherefore we know not), the colouring is warmer and more effective: it represents two ladies in an opera-box, but either might be detached without injury to the other or the subject, if any is meant beyond a vehicle for fine form and delicious colouring. 83. 'Calisto's Head, Hand, and upper part,' an exquisite approach to the Venetian school of colouring; but the less said about the drawing of the lower extremities the better. Nos. 4 and 145, are good portraits. On the whole, although these productions of Mr. Rothwell very much enrich the exhibition as to general effect and colouring, yet some composition of more mind was expected from the painter of the 'Noviciate Mendicants,' which called forth so much admiration at the last exhibition.

J. A. O'Connor, No. 9, small landscape, reflects great credit on this artist; it is finished with much care, and has been much admired. 91. Also good; but the foreground rather hard. 78. 'Moonlight' must have been an early sketch; it does not come near the others.

H. M'Manus. Three clever pictures by this artist sustain his reputation. The 'Midnight Mass' (No. 132) more especially.

N. G. Crowley, R. H. A. No. 11. 'Scene in Lincoln's Inn, chamber practice'—two incipient lawyers regaling, thrown in boldly but carelessly, with very little attention to drawing, and none to colour. 73. A good and pleasing portrait of the 'Marquis of Normanby.' 96. 'Lord Delvin appearing before James I.' Ambitious without being effective; his majesty is a caricature; but in No. 105, 'A Discovery!—two strings to his bow,' Mr. Crowley has quite retrieved himself; it is in the gay manner of Watteau, or rather Lancret; for it has the spirit without the high finish of the former. A beau of the olden time is making strong protestations of everlasting attachment to a wily dame, who leads him on; while another is tittering behind the copse, with a look of archness, that tells us an exposure will soon take place. We heard a stander-by remark, that Sir Gossamer's hand had been placed by mistake on his right side instead of the left; not perceiving the delicate irony of the painter, that such a character could not well know where his heart (if he had such a commodity) lay. This production reflects much credit on Mr. Crowley.

George F. Mulvany, R.H.A., has been very industrious, and earning for himself much repute as a portrait painter; that of Mr. Cobbe is good, as also that of Mr. Charles Kean. No. 52. 'The Gondola,' is a more ambitious attempt: a fair one of some northern clime, relieved by a southern beauty, smile on us as they are wafted past on the Lagoon. The figures, on the whole, are highly creditable to this rising artist, but the accessories might have been better finished, and so many glaring colours avoided. It has, however, raised Mr. Mulvany not a little in public estimation as an effective painter, and when toned down somewhat, will be a pleasing picture.

Thomas J. Mulvany, R.H.A. Of this artist we cannot report so well this year as of his namesake. No. 19. 'Ross Castle,' has merit, but the fault in colouring and perspective are so glaring as to prevent our noticing it farther. No. 34. 'The Commodore's visit to O'Leary,' a scene from Florence Mc Carthy, is coarse, painted in a hurry, and most carelessly.

William Howis. This artist has not been well treated; every single work of his which appears calculated for near inspection, has been hoisted to the ceiling, and partially concealed by huge portrait frames. Surely there must be more than mere accident in this. No. 13. 'River Scene,' as far as we can see, has much merit; the aerial perspective, and the distant effects, well managed, and appear done by a close observer of nature. Let Mr. Howis keep to this study and he will soon command place and attention.

Henry de Daubrawa. No. 18, 'Mameluke and Charger,' is a very clever picture, quite beyond the common run of animal portraiture—no trickery about it: a black horse admirably painted, raised out of a dark background. We congratulate Mr. De Daubrawa on this specimen of his powers; it has met with general admiration. No. 10 and 106 are very spirited groups of Cavalry and Artillery. We hope next year to see some passage from a well-fought field, or some composition that will shew his pencil to more advantage than these mere indications of talent.

Wm. G. Wall, N.A. We suppose these letters mean North America, having three American views and one Irish one from this gentleman's pencil. From the 'Falls of Niagara,' and some other views exhibited a year ago in Dublin, we expected better things from Mr. Wall. We ascribed the extraordinary colouring given to the trees, sky, and water, to some peculiarity of the Transatlantic atmosphere; but when we find the same tints luxuriating at Blarney, we must think there must be something wrong in Mr. Wall's vision. He seems to possess considerable freedom of hand and knowledge of effect; let him paint from nature more and less from imagination, and we shall be rejoiced to see him return to his former promise of excellence.

James Stark. 41. 'Going to the Fair.' This landscape has excited general admiration; it is very freely and purely painted and composed; the distance and sky are perfect. It is the best modern specimen in its

peculiar line that has been exhibited in Ireland for many years: it has gained Mr. Stark a name here, which we hope will be kept up. 85. 'The Stile,' is an attractive, small rustic subject; but our eyes have been spoiled by the first mentioned picture.

W.H. Collier, R.H.A., has contributed extensively in the portrait department. 161. 'The late Lord Mayor' is a good likeness, pleasingly managed; as also is 101. that of 'E. E. Armstrong, Esq.,' but we must most strongly object to whole acres of canvases devoted to immortalizing respectable auctioneers and their wives in a style of heroic grandeur that might suit Somerams, or Alexander the Great (particularly when we are very coolly told in the catalogue they are "unfinished"), displacing from a proper point of view works of art that require nearer inspection. In Mr. Collier one of the hanging committee! if so, this must not happen again. 156. 'Love's Labour's Lost,' the only original picture contributed by him, does not add to his reputation; we hope for better next year.

C. Grey, A. No. 146, by this very promising young artist, has elicited much praise for colouring, freedom, and vigour; it is a 'Boy and a Setter Dog.' 177. 'A Covenantanter,' is clever, but harsh; we look forward with much hope to Mr. Grey's future progress.

Mr. Gillard shows much talent. Rustic history appears his forte. No. 23. 'Hearing the Lesson,' very good. 71. 'The Young Genius' has much nature, but is on the whole heavy. We should think this effect arises from Mr. Gillard making his heads rather too large for the figures; the grouping should be more attended to, and the figures not placed too much in line.

Hugh Frazer, R.H.A., has contributed largely. His best and most effective manner is shown in glens, scenes, or cloudy weather. This year he has tried history, and failed in both in such a way, as to render it a mystery, how he became professor of painting "to the Royal Hibernian Academy." No. 40. 'A Factious Agent' is only fit for a sign-board. 134. 'The Death of Samson' is an attempt in the Martin school, totally devoid of perspective, form or natural colouring; and "till it is not in Gath," introducing the pyramids, sphinxes, and obelisks of Egypt without end, to "astonish the Philistines." 123. 'Glen Scene,' is better; but why a the sky green? 77. 'The Village Mill,' most carefully painted. Mr. Frazer must turn over a new leaf.

A. Molineri. We understand he is a Poet, and lately became an artist; if so, there is much promise in his commencement. 33. 'A Scene from Schiller's Fiesco,' shows talent, and has some good colouring; it is better grouped than 47. 'The raising of Lazarus,' but a small sketch, 115. 'Cossacks,' shows more clearly than Mr. Molineri perceives himself, the bent of his genius; it is but a small sketch, yet very creditable. We hope this hint will be acted on; and that we shall see some of his native scenes next year, in lieu of scripture, à la Pissin; or drama, à la Ketch.

T. C. Thompson, R.H.A. Some very good portraits. Matthew Kendrick. Some clever sea pieces. 81. 'Light breeze,' spirited. 88. 'A Luggie-race,' clever; but 39. 'A View near the Light-house, Bay of Dublin,' shows more talent in catching natural effect and colouring than we gave this artist credit for.

H. Talbot. We understand he is a very young artist; if so, we say go on and prosper. No. 8. 'The Mercat' shews much observation of character and general effect. The story is well told; the face of the drunken coxier brought up as a recruit, very good; but what brings the farmer's boy with an English smock frock into an Irish scene?

John Tracy, also a young artist. No. 97, 'Brutus declaring his determination to revenge Lucrèce,' is very creditable to his talents. He appears imbued with the spirit of the "olden school of France." La Bruin seems his model. The back ground and draperies are beautifully got in, and shew talent far beyond what we could expect from a hand hitherto unknown.

E. Murphy. No. 163. 'Fruit and Flowers,' excellent in their way.

We have dealt so long on this department of art, that we have left but little room for the water colour and statuary, both of which deserve a longer notice than can at present be given. We cannot, however, pass by

Frederick W. Burton, R.H.A., who has been achieving for himself the highest character in the former branch of art, and has, by his talents, not only raised it to an equality with what has hitherto been called the superior grade, but has produced a depth and breadth of tone to his water colours that we have seldom seen surpassed in oils. No. 257. 'A Blind Girl at a Hay Well,' scene in the West of Ireland, is not only creditable in the highest degree to him as an artist and a man of feeling and observation, but a production to which the rising school of Ireland may look with pride and satisfaction; expression, colouring, accessories, every part is perfect. There are several portraits by the same artist, which unite great boldness and freedom of hand, with accurate observation of character combined with careful execution.

One word for statuary, and we have done for the present. T. Kirk, R.H.A. 387. Group in Marble, 'Boy and Dogs,' is admirably natural, both in conception and execution, and adds much to Mr. Kirk's established character. 374. 'Arindne,' a bust; exquisite ideal female head, beautifully finished. Mr. Kirk has also some very good busts, of which, that of the Bishop of Kildare, Right Hon. F. Shaw, and Sir John Stevenson, are highly creditable to him.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE EXHIBITION—1840.

The seventy-second Exhibition of the ROYAL ACADEMY was opened on Monday the 4th of May. It contains 1240 works; and it is understood that 900 have been rejected—"rejected" is not the word, however, for it is certain that a large proportion of them were returned, not because they were deficient in merit, but because our great National Gallery was not large enough to contain them.

It is disgraceful to this country, that while scandalously extravagant of the public money in matters that benefit the public nothing, we should have been niggards in all that tends to improve it; the building in Trafalgar-square will long continue a monument of bad taste and false economy; and justify the sneer and chuckle of the foreigner, when he classes the intellectual might of the Englishman as many degrees lower than his physical strength. Still, as the mass of brick and mortar, divided into "rooms" is there, let us make the best of it; until Sir Robert Peel is in a condition to fulfil his implied promise, when in his place in the House of Commons, on the 30th of July last, he said:—

"He did hope to see the day when this country would be rich enough to build for itself a depository for the Arts, worthy of the British nation. He did hope to see the day when, in the most favoured part of Hyde Park, he should witness the erection of a magnificent building devoted to subjects of art; not for the accommodation of the sovereign; but for the accommodation and delight of the universal people of this country, for their amusement, for their intellectual refinement, and for their improvement in the arts generally."

It may be our duty hereafter to remind the right honourable baronet of this "hope," and possibly to call upon him for a grant "for the accommodation and delight of the universal people of this country," equal at least to that which has been issued from the Exchequer to repair stables at Windsor.

But as we have the building, and must use it, let us see if it be made as available as it may be made. What is to prevent our removing the pictures in the national collection, or boarding them in, for a period of three months, while the exhibition of the Royal Academy continues open? We have the example of the French to quote as a precedent. Such is the course invariably adopted at the Louvre. If this plan were acted upon—and there is not, we think, a rational objection to it—the 900 works returned to the artists would have been seen by the public; better places obtained for many that are now grievously treated; and the public have a still richer treat provided for them; while there would be infinitely less pushing and crushing through the narrow apartments. The advantage of this arrangement is so obvious, and we cannot anticipate an argument against it, that we earnestly advise the artists to draw up, previous to next May, a memorial to the Lords of the Treasury, which, backed as we take for granted it would be by the Royal Academy—would we feel assured be followed by giving up the whole of the structure for the time required.

Nine hundred pictures have, it seems, been returned to the studios of the artists; the question whether the "accepted" are all of a better order than the "rejected," will very naturally be asked. If the visitor believes, while looking on some of the objects placed, that they are of higher merit than those returned, he will marvel greatly how such an immense number of bad works could have been produced; and it is therefore our duty to state plainly and emphatically, that the arts are not so low as this judgment would lead the casual spectator to believe them. We "speak what we do know," when

we assert that many of those sent back are infinitely superior to many of those that are exhibited.—We are willing to make due allowances for this sin of omission rather than of commission; but we presume to enter our protest against the rejection of works by artists, where only one is sent, and to the exclusion of *all* the works when more than one have been forwarded, unless such works be of a character utterly worthless. We could name several so circumstanced, who have, this year, to endure the deep mortification and severe injury of finding themselves unnamed in the catalogue. The hangers, this year, have been thoughtless, to say the least; they seem not to have paused to think over the pangs they were inflicting, for sure we are if they had seen the sad countenances—betokening aching hearts—of several who came in our way on the morning of the 4th; when, peering anxiously into the catalogues they found their names omitted, they would have felt what deep responsibility they had incurred, and have given much to recall the judgment that made many homes cheerless, if not desolate. This we maintain was unnecessary;—among the minor artists there are many who have four, five, or six pictures hung; half the number would have sufficed—for their comfort, perhaps, and certainly for their fame; and, thus, room might have been made for one by each of the artists who were altogether excluded. In the case of the Royal Academy the evil is especially great; for it is the last exhibition of the year; and the painter has no chance of showing his picture elsewhere; it cannot be argued that he may console himself with the notion that another year may be more propitious; for he hopes to improve, and will not think of subjecting a rejected work to the hazard of another repulse. His year's labour has gone comparatively for nothing.

Our readers would not complain of our having dwelt so long on this topic, if they knew as we know, the frightful suffering of mind which many able and promising artists have had to endure in consequence of this needless, and we must add careless, system of entire exclusion.

The general impression is that the present EXHIBITION surpasses any of its predecessors; we bow to an opinion so widely expressed; but if we venture to think for ourselves, we cannot consider it so satisfactory as that of last year. There does not seem, to us, the same evidence of improvement in junior professors; and but one or two "new men" have startled us into admiration. It contains, however, a vast number of noble and beautiful works; and undoubtedly maintains the high position which this country occupies in art.

SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A., contributes eight pictures—No. 62, 'Portrait of the Queen;' No. 110, 'Portrait of Viscount Arbutnot;' No. 132, 'Portrait of Mrs. Ferguson of Raith;' and No. 276, 'the Hookabadar;' in these portraits there is abundant evidence of power and masterly skill in the executive of art; and in some respects, as in Nos. 132 and 276, there are qualities of the rarest excellence; such as none of our portrait painters can approach. Nevertheless we must be permitted more to covet the possession of the little cabinet sketch, No. 112, 'From the Gentle Shepherd,' than either of these elaborate displays of much labour and little gain. The best of his productions is, perhaps, No. 48, 'Benvenuto Cellini presenting for approval to Pope Paul III. a silver censer of his own workmanship.' It is in all respects the finished work of a master; few who look upon it, will regret even Sir David's departure from the path he pursued at the commencement of his career. There is no exaggeration in this picture; the eager joy of the receiver and the calm con-

sciousness of genius in the giver, are happily and most naturally portrayed. The work is carefully executed; the artist has laboured as if he was achieving, and not merely sustaining, fame. An interesting and attractive picture is No. 252, 'The Irish Whiskey Still;' but it is not Irish. The originals may have been seen in Spain; but Ireland knows them not. Who ever saw a son of the sod with pink inexpressibles? Who ever encountered a peasant with a neatly trimmed moustache, in lieu of a grizzly beard? Where could these elegant and graceful jars and bottles have been conveyed from? Indeed, there is hardly a single touch on the canvass that conveys to us the remotest notion of aught appertaining to the island of saints. It is a fine picture of a whiskey still—but still it is not Irish. There are parts of it so especially beautiful, as to be unsurpassed in modern art; the little naked child is exquisite. This, too, is very elaborately wrought—it manifests nothing approaching to indifference as to finish. It is a valuable lesson—that which teaches how essential to genius is industry.

I. M. W. TURNER, R.A. It is to be lamented by all who love art and desire to extend its influence, that Mr. Turner sports with his pencil as if his sole ambition was to show the freaks and follies a great mind may perpetrate with impunity; unfortunately, in his wildest caprices there is so much evidence of genius of the very highest order, that the observer is far more disposed to weep over, than laugh at, power misapplied and time mispent. Who can contemplate such absurdities as we encounter in No. 419, 'Rockets and Blue Lights,'—unless indeed he consider that the artist meant the title and the subject as a sarcasm upon the style? Who will not grieve at the talent wasted upon the gross outrage on nature, No. 203, 'Slavers throwing overboard the dead and dying,' the leading object in which is a long black leg surrounded by a shoal of rainbow-hued "John Dorys," seen more clearly through the ocean surface than flies in amber. If Mr. Turner will persevere in painting, so that no possible advantage or enjoyment can be derived from his works, he must expect that universal censure which, although it may be non-effective in turning him from the evil of his ways, may at all events deter others from following his pernicious example. The young too often mistake notoriety for popularity. Mr. Turner lives on his past reputation; for although high capability may be perceived in the midst of a mass of absurdities in these, his productions, it reminds us more of the occasional outbreaks of the madman, who says wonderful things between the fits that place him on a level with creatures upon whom reason never had been bestowed.

C. L. EASTLAKE, R.A. This accomplished painter contributes but one picture. No. 61, 'The Salutation of the aged Friar.' It is of the very highest merit; exquisite in composition and admirable in execution. The grace and beauty of the fair girls of Italy, who "salute" the aged friar, the boy who is about to kiss his hand, are points touching in the extreme; the production is one that cannot fail to produce pleasure; those who may not be able to appreciate its character as an example of art, will, at all events, feel the sweet story it tells, and enjoy it as a refreshing transcript of true nature. It is, on the whole, the favourite of the year; and it is impossible for language to overpraise it.

DANIEL MACLISE, R.A. MacLise has shown himself worthy of the distinction conferred upon him. No. 174, 'The Banquet Scene in Macbeth,' is even a step in advance; a work of wonderful merit. The Scottish tyrant is described at the moment when the Ghost appears and sits in

the seat appointed for the living Banquo; his horror at the apparition is depicted with amazing force; the muscles of the hands tell it no less than the features of the face. Lady Macbeth is addressing the astonished and alarmed guests—"Sit, worthy friends; my lord is often thus." The guests, in number about seventy, are all distinctly made out; yet there is no sameness either in countenance, expression, or attitude. The triumph of the picture, however, is the figure of the blood-boltered Banquo. It is indicated rather than painted; the human form is there, darkly shadowed forth; indistinct, but more terrible from its indistinctness. The imagination has full scope; art has never more nearly conveyed the reality of an appalling scene. The accessories too have been all carefully considered, from the jewelled crown of the usurper to the draught of red wine flung upon the floor. It is a noble picture; and we trust will find its way into the choicest of our British galleries. Of another class, but of equal merit, is No. 381, 'The cross-gartered Malvolio playing off his antics before the Lady Olivia and the maid Maria.' It is painted with singular delicacy. No. 214, 'Gil Blas selecting his dress of "blue velvet, embroidered with gold,"' is a rich example of humour, without coarseness or exaggeration. Nothing can be finer than the contrast between the bedizened youth and the tailor's apprentices,—one of whom holds the looking-glass.

C. STANFIELD, R.A. Mr. Stanfield is an extensive and valuable contributor; several of his pictures are of a large size; and all of them of great merit. The first, No. 13, 'Citara, in the Gulf of Salerno,' is a fine and interesting work, but too much broken up, and certainly deficient in harmony. No. 148, 'Ancona;' No. 155, 'Salerno;' No. 271, 'St. Giorgio Maggiore;' No. 343, 'Avignon;' No. 470, 'On the coast, near St. Malo;' and No. 476, 'Amalfi,' are, all, landscapes of a high order of merit; but it seems to us that the accomplished painter is contracting a hardness of style.

EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A. The artist has this year limited his powers almost exclusively to portraits—his sitters being, as usual, the dogs of the aristocracy; he has not exercised his mind in the production of any work requiring invention, thought, or study; and we lament to record a consequent waste of his strength. No. 120, 'Horses taken in to bait,' is the only one that relieves us from the Pompeys and Pontos—big and little. It is a delicious work, with far more of fact than of fancy; but so sweetly and gracefully composed, that the character of a mere stable, with the stable-requisites only introduced, has somewhat of the air and aspect of a baronial hall. No. 139, 'The Macaw, Love-birds, Terrier and Spaniel Puppies belonging to her Majesty,' pleases us far less; it is comparatively raw and cold; and if true, the Court atmosphere must be favourable to friendship; for the terrier is fearless of the macaw's beak; and the love-birds are sporting under his very nose. No. 149, 'The Lion Dog from Malta,' is little more to our taste; No. 311, 'Laying down the Law,' is a most amusing picture—bordering somewhat on caricature; a white poodle represents the grave judge, and dogs of every degree the barristers on either side; while a sharp crabbed terrier stands in the place of the attorney. No. 278, 'Lion and Dash, the property of his Grace the Duke of Beaufort,' is by far the ablest, best, and most interesting of the works this year exhibited by Mr. Landseer. Here we have all "the force of contrast," a dog of the finest and noblest character, with a tiny pet, scarce bigger than the head of the huge animal its protector. Modern art has produced nothing of the class, so near perfection.

R. REDGRAVE, No. 10, 'The Reduced Gentleman's Daughter,' is a most touching and effective picture; very eloquent in composition, and finished with exceeding care and ability. Parts of the drapery of "the lady" are as fine, in execution, as aught in the gallery; and all the accessories are highly wrought. The young girl in black, who bears, with a half proud and half petitioning look, the gaze and banter of the insolent persons from whom she seeks employment, is a portrait as impressive as art can produce. No. 334, 'The Wonderful Cure by Paracelsus' pleases us by no means so well. The subject is not happily chosen; the singular life of Paracelsus might have supplied the artist with matter far worthier of his pencil; we recommend him to read Mr. Browning's poem, which exhibits the great medical reformer in a truer and more honourable light than that of a quack.

CHARLES LANDSEER, A.R.A. The two works exhibited by Mr. C. Landseer possess considerable merit, and afford proof of a desire not to be satisfied with copying the mere surface of things. No. 354, 'The Tired Huntsman,' is a fine and most agreeable composition; highly wrought withal, and finished with due care and consideration. The hounds are worthy of his brother, and the huntsman's wife, of himself. No. 21, 'Nell Gwynne' is also a good picture; but "the gay wits and men of fashion" who gaze upon "the handsome orange-girl," are too staid and sober; and one of them is stern and gloomy enough to be a Covenanter in disguise.

W. MULREADY, R.A. It is impossible to praise too highly the works of Mr. Mulready. No. 116, 'Fair time,' is in his old manner, full of point and humour; but certainly inferior, both in character and execution to the other two—for he exhibits three. 'First Love,' No. 133, is a delicious composition; a youth is whispering into the ear of a maiden as was ever born of woman; she is too young to comprehend the meaning of the love-words that call the flush into her cheek and brow; the morning of their years and hopes is made to contrast happily with the rich sunlight of a departing day; and just at the moment when some answer must be made, forth rushes from the cottage the girl's mother and a noisy boy, with a summons to the supper-table. It is a sweet story sweetly told; and negatives the assertion that a painter can preserve but one incident in a tale; what a volume of thought is produced by this single passage in a life! Of a character still more charming is No. 99, to which the painter has given the unworthy title of 'An Interior;' an artist is resting from his labours, his framed picture is on the easel, his young wife sits by his side, and their babe is sleeping near them. The hand of genius is perhaps more visible here than in any part of the exhibition. A more exquisite gem the age has not produced.

A. E. CHALON, R.A. Immediately above 'the Interior,'—so graceful, pure, and natural in conception, and so perfect in execution—is a painting by Mr. Chalon, which ought not to have been hung on the walls of the Royal Academy. Its merits as a work of art are of a mediocre order; but the subject is repulsive to a degree; a modest woman will turn from it; there is no mistaking the character of the dame who exhibits her red leg to the gaze of the man who sits on the steps beneath her. The artist has taken care that his meaning shall not be mistaken, by explaining it in a motto, although he leaves a blank which the spectator may, if he pleases, fill up. The motto is not, indeed, an English one—but there are very few young ladies who cannot read French. This sort of taste is still foreign to our exhibitions; long may it continue so; may this be the first and

last time we shall have to notice on the walls of the Royal Academy a picture that could hardly be gazed at deliberately by a person of character in the lowest ally of the metropolis! We raise our voices against it in good time. Possibly it may yet be removed from the room and the catalogue.

T. UWINS, R.A. All the contributions of Mr. Uwins are of Italian scenery and character; a circumstance we cannot but regret; our own English homes afford worthy subjects for his graceful and powerful pencil. They are all, however, of high merit; he has a fine and true eye for the beautiful in nature; and is a master of his art. Nos. 89 and 92, are two cabinet pictures, the one representing a Neapolitan youth decorating the hair of his innamorato, the other 'the Loggia of a Vine-dresser's Cottage.' The largest is No. 266, 'A group of Mountaineers returning from the Festa of Monte VerGINE.' They are on their way home, having made their offerings, and "the mountains echo the sounds of joy and gladness." In the train is an Asiatic convert blowing the conch with as much fervour, "as if he had been a devout Catholic all his life." The grouping is good; the characters are finely expressed; in portraying female beauty few painters surpass Mr. Uwins, and he has here introduced it most happily. It is carefully finished throughout, and must be regarded as one of the most admirable works in the collection. No. 416, 'Fioretta,' is the portrait of a merry maiden "innocent as gay," adorned with wreathed flowers, which she has flung most gracefully over her shoulder—a pleasant thought skilfully communicated. The artist also exhibits a water colour drawing, No. 599, 'From the Merchant of Venice,' it is a rich example of colour, and worthy of his pencil.

A. COOPER, R.A. A picture placed in the position occupied by No. 124, it is impossible to pass without notice. It professes to represent 'Richard Cœur de Lion reviewing the Crusaders in Palestine,' but illustrates that passage in Sir Walter Scott, which describes the attack of the hound, Roswal, on the traitor Conrad. A more complete failure as a work of art is not in the exhibition, above the eye or below it; the heroes of the drama have neither the gist of Christian, Infidel, or Jew; so miserable a set of mortals never yet degraded humanity, wearing the garb of gallant knights. Mr. Cooper may paint horses; but his attempts at higher objects are melancholy to a degree.

W. COLLINS, R.A. The works of Mr. Collins are sure attractions; and, what is more, they never disappoint. No. 115, is 'A Scene near Tivoli.' An Italian mother playing on her mandolin, and singing her evening song to the Virgin, while her boy rests by her side. No. 256, 'The Passing Welcome,' represents a group of peasants receiving gifts from a group of maidens on the parapet of a palace garden. Both works are exquisite in conception, and admirable in all their details. But Mr. Collins has essayed a new style; the most graceful of all the painters of our cottage homes has not only quitted the green fields and lanes of Merry England, to shelter under ripe vineyards, and watch Italian peasants at their festal—he has actually become a painter of history; and already selected the most ambitious subject he could take from the grandest of all sources. No. 74, 'Our Saviour with the Doctors in the Temple,' is a picture of high merit undoubtedly; it may not be all his own—at least the spectator will be reminded of features made familiar to him by the old masters; but as a first effort in a new path its effect is startling. It is such a work only as a man of unquestionable genius could produce; but we doubt greatly if it will delight as much as do his 'Peasants of Italy.'

and we question if these, again, yield the pleasant sensations obtained from his pictures of our own hamlets or coasts.

SIR A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A. This artist also has walked out of his accustomed path; but we can neither rejoice for him nor for ourselves that he has done so. We miss the almost divine copies of nature, he has for so many years presented to us; and are badly compensated for our loss by the huge picture, No. 125, 'Milton dictating to his Daughters,' the figures being nearly as large as life. There is, indeed, ample evidence of high ability, but not sufficient to induce the hope that the painter will continue in a course that cannot be advantageous to him or satisfactory to his numerous admirers.

W. BOXALL. There are few pictures in the exhibition so perfect as No. 56, 'Hope,' from the pencil of Mr. Boxall—an artist who has suffered us almost to forget he is in existence. It is a noble composition, of the very highest class; alike unserved and unimpaired by association with any object, the grand and solitary figure sits alone; it is the conception of a master mind, and is unquestionably the result of matured thought and continued labour. It has all the spirit as well as the simplicity of the ancient days; and will bear the test of the severest criticism the devotees of the old masters may apply to it.

W. ALLAN, R.A. No. 136, 'Prince Charles Edward in adversity.' The picture commemorates one of the events connected with the marvellous escapes of the Pretender. He is dandling a babe in the home of one of his faithful followers. The story is effectively told; the accessories are well made out; but the countenance of the prince has an expression almost amounting to silliness. No. 242, 'The Orphan and his Bird,' is a more true and touching picture of adversity—a boy kneeling alone amid the solitude of nature, and gazing, heart-broken, on his dead bird. It is a beautiful illustration of one of Dickens' most pathetic episodes.

W. ETTY, R.A. No. 26, 'Andromeda—Perseus coming to her rescue.' A fine example of the artist's power in painting the human form and copying the true tints of nature; the spectator will wish, however, that Perseus had deferred his "coming" yet awhile, for the figure in no degree serves the picture. No. 30, 'Mars, Venus, and attendant derobing her mistress for the Bath.' The god of war is, we presume, sleeping—or he ought to be. The dark skin of a negro girl contrasts happily with the brilliant tints of the goddess omnipotent. It is a nobly painted work. No. 230, 'A subject from the Parable of the Ten Virgins.' The execution of this work is admirable; but the dignity of the subject is, we think, impaired by placing the 'Saviour' and the 'Wise Virgins,' in a sort of opera-box above the gate. The foolish ones upon whom "the door has been shut" are strongly expressive of deep grief and vain remorse.

W. DYCE. No. 197, 'Titian and Irene da Spilembergo.' There are few works by the older masters, and none by the younger members of the profession, that surpass this happily conceived and admirably executed picture. Its merits are such as certainly to secure the admission of the accomplished artist into the Academy whenever an election shall take place; inasmuch, as he has shown that his ability to execute equals his power to conceive. The figure of the young and lovely girl who takes lessons in art, in the presence of nature, from the aged painter to whom she is a study, may be, perhaps, liable to the objection that it is too much "attitudinized;" but that of the great teacher is perfect. The back-ground, too, is exquisitely painted. The work is of the true school of art; we trust that the recompense the painter will

receive may be such as to encourage others to tread in the same path.

H. HOWARD, R.A. No. 95, 'Proserpina' is scarcely worthy of Mr. Howard. The subject was not calculated for his pencil. The fair Proserpine resembles a dressed doll; and "Peerless Diana," and the affrighted nymphs who occupy "the field of Enna" are aught but deities.

L. BIARD. No. 441, 'The Slave Trade.' This picture is not only creditable to the French school, but confers an honour upon painting in general, and places it on a par with the greatest efforts of poetry and eloquence. While our artists are employing their pencils in representing the tomfooleries of men and dogs, Mr. Biard places himself in the ranks with Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Brougham, and rouses within the breasts of the spectators a virtuous indignation against the cruelties inflicted upon our fellow-men in this accursed traffic. In the centre is stretched out on the ground a model of a man in muscular strength, whose age a human brute is examining by forcing open his mouth; while sitting on the body, a slave-agent (grown grey in the service) is announcing to the merchant the health and firmness of the unfortunate object of their purchase; one of his own species explains by his fingers the price of the prisoner; while another, with a gun on his shoulder, looks down upon him with a malicious grin of satisfaction: on her knees is a young female, perhaps his wife, undergoing the torture of being branded on the back with a red-hot iron; she turns with a cry of agony to the villain, who is coolly smoking his cigar; while another in the garb also of a sailor, holds the irons in which their heads and hands are placed on shipboard. "Thank God!" exclaimed one of the crowd, as we were examining the picture, "these are not English sailors." No; we replied, but it is for the English that these wretches make slaves. We felt that the artist had made the "galled jade wince; lower down on the beach is a mother wailing over her infant, while those already on board are taking a last look of their country, in spite of a black wretch, who is driving them down into the hold with a cat-o'-nine-tails. On the right hand in the background, are a gang fastened to a log laid along their shoulders, waiting their turn for inspection; while the sky, red and lurid, is in unison with the scene. It is a painful subject; one that cannot be examined without a shudder; but the most emphatic moral lessons are so conveyed. The execution of the picture is of a high order; many of our English painters will do well to study its deep tone and character; it will humble while it will teach some of them who find themes of art in the nicknackeries of life and character, and lay on their colours so that it would seem a breath might blow them off the canvass.

T. CRESWICK. No. 215, 'A Saw-pit.' No. 273, 'The Bye road; and No. 7 (in the Octagon Room), 'The Ford,' are three delicious landscapes; having perhaps an undue preponderance of that English green, which a few months' travel on the continent might convert into hues more akin to nature. Mr. Creswick is unequalled for grace and delicacy; we look to more matured study, and especially in new schools, for that vigour and force which may give to his works greater effect.

T. WEBSTER. No. 328, 'Punch,' is beyond question one of the best, as well as most attractive works in the exhibition: it is admirably painted; no part of it has been slighted; there is nothing of that dashing for effect, which more frequently indicates idleness than genius. The artist has carefully studied, and then laboured to finish every portion of his design. The picture is full of character; varied to the utmost, yet never

bordering on the grotesque. There are a score of incidents, yet no one of them is hurtful to another. The young and old are as happy as simple amusement can make them—all but the widowed and orphaned group that wait the coming of the waggon, and have no heart for laughter. This episode is most judiciously introduced; it gives weight to the picture, and produces that satisfaction which is invariably produced by skillful contrast—contrast being a word which our English artists too frequently omit from their vocabulary. In Mr. Webster's one, we have a dozen pictures; the school in the background is delightful; the little urchins "just let loose," running eagerly to be at the point of attraction; the wonder the one expresses; the alarm felt by the other; and the curiosity of the young rogue who peeps under the blanket; the aged, ailing man, who comes to look and laugh; the baker's lad who lingers on his errand; in short, the work is full of matter, all good, all affective, and all true. It is a volume that may be read with excessive delight.

A. W. ELMORE. No. 415, 'The Martyrdom of Thomas à Becket.' This is the ambitious effort of a young man; and one that is eminently successful. There is merit even in the attempt; and comparative failure would not have been discredit. There are too few of our artists daring enough to venture out of the beaten path—who will aim to be something or resolve to be nothing. For the one who will hazard all, there are scores who will incur no risk; content with that mediocrity which gives little trouble and no anxiety. Productions such as this, that make the heart of the painters beat with hope or throb with apprehension, should be especially cared for by the Royal Academy; they are wrought with little chance of profit; and, very often, to buy the canvass, the artist starves. Mr. Elmore has produced a noble work, giving evidence of power as well as labour; of judgment as well as thought. We cannot doubt that a career, so propitiously commenced will be honoured and distinguished; and, as we understand, he is about to voyage to Italy, we anticipate for him ere long a proud position among the artists of his country.

D. ROBERTS, A. Mr. Roberts contributes largely from his treasure-store gathered in the rich east. No. 190, 'The Greek Church of the Holy Nativity at Bethlehem;' No. 220, 'A Gate and Mosque at Cairo;' No. 292, 'The Dromos, or outer gate of the Great Temple at Edfou, in Upper Egypt;' No. 501, 'Statue of the Memnon on the Plain of Thebes;' and No. 944, 'Remains of the Portico of the Lesser Temple, at Baalbec,'—are all pictures of high merit, and of great interest, as introducing us to scenes comparatively new to art. The first-named is a gorgeous work; certainly equal in execution to anything the artist has ever produced; and in his own peculiar walk he has been, hitherto, unrivalled. 'The Statue of the Vocal Memnon' is, on the other hand, cold and tame.

J. R. HERBERT. No. 287, 'The Monastery in the 14th Century; Boar Hunters refreshed at the Gateway of St. Augustine, Canterbury.' A finer composition than this does not grace the walls of the exhibition; and, in parts, the execution is on a par with the conception. It is, however, evidently unfinished—a circumstance we must attribute to the severe illness of the artist prior to the opening of the Academy, and certainly neither to indolence nor indifference; we lament, however, that it is so; for many may imagine he has followed the too prevailing principle, and considered that labour is not necessary to perfection. Mr. Herbert has achieved a very high fame; and is too wise to incur the hazard of trifling it away. The picture will in-

terest all who examine it; a knight and lady are waited upon by the good monks of the monastery—their hospitality belongs to history; with them departed the assurance that refreshment was ever ready for the wayfarer at the convent gate. The arrangements are skilful and judicious; and the minor portions evidence thought and care—they must be more highly wrought hereafter. He has undoubtedly sustained his previous reputation,—and will have surpassed it in the estimation of those who look more to the design than the completion of the picture.

J. C. HORSLEY. No. 228, 'Leaving the Ball.' The artist has not produced so touching or so effective a work as he did last year. This picture is comparatively common-place; a young soldier and a brilliant girl are passing down the steps of a mansion, about to enter their carriage; and near them, unnoticed, "a houseless shivering female lies." The incident is not an agreeable one; nor is it told so as to produce sympathy with suffering.

F. R. LEE, R.A. Mr. Lee exhibits several fine and highly finished landscapes—broadly painted and amazingly true to nature. He is not always, however, fortunate in his choice of subjects; but frequently occupies large space with matter that might be advantageously compressed. In Nos. 364 and 374, this is apparent—in one of them the attention is exclusively directed to a herd of deer swimming across a narrow river; and No. 316, a picture of some extent, contains nothing but dead game. In each and all there is ample proof of high power; but an artist who commands so masterly a pencil should make art labour more beneficially in the cause of nature; should make his canvass speak of her beauties to mankind. No. 185, 'Charcoal Burning;' and No. 424, 'Taking up Trimmer Lines,' are far better—better, at least, in the sight of those who love to see a landscape free and unfettered. We fear he confines his study too much to a single or limited locality; and does not seek far and wide for themes worthy to be copied.

E. V. RIPPINGILL. No. 438, 'Brigands visited by their Friends and Manutengoli.' This picture has been sent from Rome; and although it possesses considerable merit, it has all the coldness and hardness that too usually mark the works of our English painters when they visit Italy.

P. F. POOLE. No. 201, 'The Recruit.' This is a sweetly composed picture; the production of a fine and natural mind. The colouring is weak and flimsy; but sure we are that the artist is in the road to fame, and that a few months continual and careful study of the old masters will give him that power over his material, without which his taste and judgment will produce comparatively little effect. 'The Recruit' has met his sweetheart in a lonely lane: the intensity of her agony is finely expressed; while the character of the thoughtless youth, still dressed in his peasant-garb, his decorated hat laid by his side, is also admirably depicted.

J. LINNELL. No. 403, 'Philip baptizing the Eunuch.' A work of the highest and best class; excellent in composition, and with a depth of tone and vigour of touch, such as many of our English painters will do well to imitate. The artist exhibits also several portraits of very considerable merit.

T. S. COOPER. No. 472, 'Turning the Drove;' and No. 33 (in the Octagon Room), 'In the Meadows of Fordwich,'—two admirable cattle pieces, with all the vigour and freshness of nature, literal copies of facts, and yet having the character of true pastoral poetry. There is nothing so good, of the class, in the exhibition.

H. GRITTEN, JUN. No. 36 (in the Octagon

Room), 'Amiens, with the Cathedral, from the River Somme.' There are few landscapes in the collection that surpass this; and none that give so sure a promise of future fame. We had occasion to notice the works of this young painter in the British Institution; we rejoice to find that he is realising the high expectations we have formed of him. He has a free and vigorous pencil; and studies nature as attentively as she must be studied to arrive at excellence. The old buildings that overlook the bridge are of marvellous fidelity; and the ferry-boat, with its assemblage of merchandize and passengers, adds greatly to the interest of the picture. We have rarely examined a production that so faithfully conveys the peculiar character of the scenery and people.

E. M. WARD. No. 22 (in the Octagon Room), 'Scene from King Lear.' A very noble work; the production of matured thought as well as labour. It is grouped with great skill; the figure of "poor Cordelia" is especially good; and we have rarely, if ever, seen the unhappy king more satisfactorily represented. The artist has entered on the arduous and honourable career of an historical painter; and sure we are that he will excel in it. He has evidently studied in the best school; a little too much, perhaps, in Germany. Yet he has got rid of much of that hardness of outline, upon which we had to comment in noticing his picture last year.

F. STONE. No. 123, 'Scene from a Legend of Montrose.' The picture represents the scene in which Annot Lyle subdues the fierce temper of Allan M'Aulay—the young Earl of Monteith being by. It is a very graceful composition, and painted with considerable vigour; there are indeed few more touching or more interesting works in the exhibition.

J. A. CASEY. 'The Captivity of Joan of Arc.' A work of considerable merit; the production of an artist with whose name we are not familiar. The conception is good, the idea original, and it has been executed with much ability. The passages selected for illustration from the history of the ill-fated Maid of Orleans, whose murder has been so long a foul blot on English character, is that which describes her persecutors as having introduced armour into her chamber, after they had extorted from her a promise that she would never wear any dress but that of her sex. The device succeeded; the doomed heroine found the temptation irresistible; put on the armour; and was condemned to the stake.

F. GRANT. No. 162, 'Equestrian Portrait of her Majesty, &c.' This is by no means a satisfactory work; it is stiff, formal, and ungraceful; and, as a composition, unworthy of the artist's high and deserved repute. How marked is the contrast between this and No. 508, beyond doubt the most admirable portrait in the exhibition;—a painting of which the most famous of our old British artists might be greatly proud. It is so pure in composition, so completely uninfluenced and consequently unimpaired by any extraneous matter; so true to nature; so correct in drawing; so exquisite in colour; so perfect indeed, in all respects, that if it had been carried a little farther in the execution, it might vie with many of the best of those that adorn the other wing of the building.

C. W. CORN. No. 484, 'Altar-piece for St. George's Church, Leeds.' This is the largest picture in the exhibition; we regret we cannot speak of it in terms of entire praise; because the effort is an honourable one, and demands that encouragement without which the loftier departments of the arts can never flourish. Moreover it is to be placed in a church—and it is certain that if historical painting is yet destined to prosper in Great Britain, it can only be by deposit-

ing works of arts in our churches and other public buildings, where justice is to be awarded, virtue inculcated, or charity practised and taught. Mr. Cope did not, we think, select his subject well or wisely. It is a fiction, and unnecessarily so, for "the Book" supplied him with realities far more effective. A group of sinners assemble at the foot of a tall cross; the cross at once disturbs our notions of truth, for it is without actual character—long and thin, and, if we may so apply the term, unnatural. The figure of the Saviour in the clouds has little of dignity; it is to our mind heavy and ungraceful, and the position in which the artist has placed it, is not an apt illustration of the text, "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." The Magdalen, embracing the cross, is finely conceived and finished; but in spite of our desire to do so, we are unable to be satisfied with the other figures introduced. The canvass was too huge for the amount of thought and labour bestowed upon it. Nos. 198 and 204 are infinitely smaller, and we think more meritorious works; the one represents an aged man supported by the arm of his fair daughter; the other a touching group, characteristic of Charity.

G. RICHMOND. No. 16 (Octagon Room), 'Our Saviour and two Disciples.' The subject has been ably treated, and is painted with considerable power. The two disciples "that went to Emmaus," are happily contrasted with the Saviour—their comparatively common place character with the divinity of their master.

R. S. LAUDER. No. 5 (Octagon Room), 'The Glee Maiden;' No. 34, 'Scene from Romeo and Juliet.' Mr. Lauder does not, in these works, sustain the reputation he achieved in the exhibition last year. They are by no means without merit; but have neither the careful composition, nor the high finish of his picture from "the Bride of Lammermoor."

J. WILSON, JUN. No. 26 (Octagon Room), 'Noon Day.' Although this picture is very disadvantageously placed—and we make due allowance for the depressing circumstance—we cannot consider it as sustaining the young artist's fame. He has been seduced into the notion that he might produce greater effects by crowding his canvass; and departing from the simple path in which he has heretofore followed nature. A failure it is not; it has sufficient proof of genius; with infinitely less effort he would have painted a far better work.

F. P. STEPHANOFF. No. 1 (Octagon Room), 'The last Sigh of the Moor.' The picture is interesting, and manifests much ability. There is, however, far less of that grief in the party "assembled to take a farewell gaze of their beloved city," than we might reasonably have expected; and the depicting of which would have been essentially useful to the painter.

W. SIMSON. No. 11 (Octagon Room), 'Titian in his Study;' No. 404, 'Gil Blas introducing himself to Laura, as his master Don Mattias de Silva.' Two well composed and highly finished works, but of scarcely sufficient importance to increase or even uphold the well earned fame of the artist. He is one to whom we look for some great undertaking that shall be honourable to the country and the arts.

T. SULLY. No. 483, 'Portrait of her Most Gracious Majesty.' With the fine engraving from this picture the public are familiar. It is elegant and graceful, and we think a good likeness, notwithstanding the small resemblance it bears to so many other copies of the most gracious countenance of the Queen. The red stain greatly impairs its harmony; how much better would have been a quiet back-ground.

W. MULLER. No. 207, 'Athens, from the Road to Marathon;' No. 12 (Octagon Room), 'Ruins at Gornou, Egypt.' Mr. Muller set-

tains his reputation to the full; both these works are of admirable character; they bear the stamp of truth; and while they betoken a free and vigorous pencil, they afford evidence of thought and careful study.

J. UWINS. No. 29, 'Capuchin Convent at Amalfi'; No. 189, 'Terrace of the Capuchin Convent, Bay of Naples.' We heartily congratulate this young painter on his progressive improvement. We cannot doubt that he has laboured hard throughout the year; the reward of his industry will be the universal satisfaction his pictures cannot fail to produce. There is now nothing stiff or constrained in his work; it is evident that he feels at ease, and uses his pencil with freedom. The exhibition does not afford us an example of surer and safer progress. The subjects, too, are well chosen; strongly characteristic of Neapolitan scenery, and highly picturesque.

J. MARTIN. No. 393, 'The Eve of the Deluge'; No. 509, 'The Assuaging of the Waters.' Two pictures of large size, to which due honour has been done by the Royal Academy; they are placed on the line. Of their merit as compositions there can be no question: Mr. Martin paints poetry. 'The Eve of the Deluge' represents Methuselah, "full of years," comparing the signs in the heavens with those "written" testimonies which foretold the mighty overthrow, when the gates of heaven should be opened. He is on a lofty mountain, surrounded by his kindred; while, in the valleys beneath—in the pleasant places of the earth—the thoughtless multitude are revelling and rejoicing. 'The Assuaging of the Waters' is a fine conception. The raven who, finding his prey, returned not to the Ark, is a new, but natural, reading of the story; yet, to the general observer, the picture is deficient in interest. The imagination may wander, beneath those heaving waters, to fresh fields and pastures; to the mighty wreck, out of which Earth is formed; but, in the Exhibition, the grand effect of the loneliness, which is its distinctive feature, is destroyed, and far too much light is thrown upon the glittering waters. The colouring in both is cold; time will greatly improve them.

T. DUNCAN. No. 482, 'Prince Charles Edward, and the Highlanders, entering Edinburgh after the Battle of Preston.' This is among the most striking pictures in the collection; the figures are multiplied to confusion; the eye is fixed upon no particular object; occasionally we are reminded too forcibly of the manner of the great Scottish artist; and two or three errors, of minor importance, but still important, have been committed. In this age of improvement in matters of information relating to costume, what is the reason that Mr. Duncan should have taken such unaccountable liberties in representing the highland characters in wrong tartans? For instance, Clanranald is painted in red, when that clan have invariably worn green. Lochiel, too, is painted in red, which should have been as green as Fluellin's leek. James Macgregor is shown leaning on the cannon with a modern imitation of tartan—certainly not the Macgregors. Then the Prince himself is adorned with a new invention called "Victoria tartan." Why should he not have been painted in the garb he actually wore—in the Stuart's tartan? The axe in the miller's hand is much too small. But the work has merits of a very high order, to compensate for these defects. It is conceived in a bold spirit, realizes our imagination of the exciting scene, is full of interesting episodes, and may bear an hour's inspection without wearying the spectator. The execution, too, is highly creditable; the artist felt he was engaged upon a work that must make or mar his fortunes, and he has laboured with acon-

sciousness that no effect was to be lost that was to be obtained by industry.

W. D. KENNEDY. No. 487, 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' There are high qualities in this work; the drawing is good, the composition fine, and the colouring judicious; but the painter has fallen into the error of giving new faces in association with ancient draperies; there is a sad want of harmony between the dresses and the countenances, which induces a suspicion that the artist tempted his friends to sit for their portraits. There is, also, a degree of affectation in making Scott the aged minstrel, and giving to him a most weakly expression. The painter has not been happy in depicting the grace or beauty of his females—although many of his men are admirably placed and drawn.

F. GOODALL. No. 12, 'Leaving Church.' This young artist must take care. It is easier to gain a reputation than to keep it. 'Leaving Church' is clever in design and execution; but certainly not superior to the works he exhibited last year. In art, at his age, there is no standing still; he who does not progress, must be said to retrograde.

J. P. KNIGHT, A. No. 82, 'Melody.' A very agreeable and a good picture; although not, perhaps, of value sufficient to maintain Mr. Knight in the position he has obtained; a group of cottagers are listening to a rustic musician playing on the clarionet. The artist exhibits several excellent portraits,—that of the Marquis of Anglesey is painted with much ability, and is a striking likeness of the veteran.

N. L. CROWLEY, R.H.A. No. 87, 'The Wedding Ring.' There are five works by Mr. Crowley. They are clever productions, each and all; but a little more study of the simple and natural will greatly benefit the artist: we notice, with regret, an evident straining after effect, amounting almost to affectation; a fault we are less inclined to overlook, where there is so much natural talent.

A. JOHNSTON. No. 72, 'Scene from the Gentle Shepherd.' A sweet composition, but "flimsily" coloured. A firmer hand to produce a little more depth of tone would have made this one of the best pictures in the exhibition.

MRS. M'LAN. No. 94, 'Katty Macane's Dair-ling.' We regret that this is the only work exhibited by the accomplished artist, who has taken a high position among professors of the gentler sex. It is a very agreeable picture; illustrating a scene in Mrs. S. C. Hall's novel of "Marian; or, a Young Maid's Fortunes."

MRS. ARNOLD. No. 255, 'View of Mountains in Denbighshire.' A vigorous landscape, and entirely true to nature. There are few of our landscape painters whose pencil has greater force or accuracy. The lady is not always happy in her selection of subjects; and aims more to satisfy the connoisseur than the mass: we never examine one of her productions without pleasure and satisfaction.

A. GEDDES, A. No. 369, 'A Spanish Girl.' Mr. Geddes exhibits several portraits of high merit; but this is a work of a more extensively interesting character. It may be classed among the best in the exhibition: there is fine feeling in the arrangement, and great power in the execution.

G. PATTEN, A. No. 173, 'Portrait of his Royal Highness Prince Albert.' The most interesting and attractive of Mr. Patten's works is, of course, the portrait of the Prince "in his robes of the Order of the Garter." It is a striking likeness, and the composition is of a high order, but it is more than probable that it was hurried to a completion; and that, when the artist has bestowed more time upon it, it will be of far higher excellence as a work of art.

R. DADD. 'Alfred the Great, disguised as a Peasant, reflecting on the misfortunes of his Country.' There is much in this picture that gives promise that the artist will attain a high rank in his profession. The colouring is, perhaps, raw, but there is a fine character in the composition, and proofs of a reflective mind.

H. J. BODDINGTON. No. 410, 'The Village Farriers.' There are few more agreeable or better painted pictures than this in the exhibition. It is the work of an elegant and observant mind; of one who has studied under the influence of nature, and whose pencil has the freedom of a master. The little group in the foreground is exquisitely managed; the foliage is true; and the cottage, with its smithy, are highly wrought, and yet with freedom.

MRS. W. CARPENTER. No. 156, 'Portrait of Mrs. Constable.' The accomplished lady has, this year, permitted no scope to her fancy. In the portraits she exhibits there is, however, ample evidence of that fine feeling and intimate knowledge of art which have given to her name prominence in the list of candidates for the highest honours the profession can bestow.

SIR M. A. SHEE, P.R.A. The six portraits exhibited by the President are all of a valuable order. They manifest no effort at display; no striving after meretricious aids; they are thoroughly and essentially English; good and graceful copies of the originals; mere portraits, indeed, they are all; but far more interesting to those who will possess them than they would be if the artist had sought the help of fiction, and wrought more for an exhibition-room than for a drawing-room. If the painter supplies us with no proof of imagination in his painted works, he gives us ample evidence of good taste—and of that truth, which is, to our minds, the only foundation of excellence in a department of the arts in which he is the leading professor, and which we hope will long continue to flourish in England, in spite of the depreciating tone in which so many critics treat it. No. 308 may be referred to as one of the finest and most satisfactory portraits in the collection.

Of the portraits generally, it is but justice to speak in high terms; they are such as fully to sustain the reputations of Mr. Pickersgill, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Briggs, Mr. Say, Mr. Faulkner, and Mr. Watson Gordon.

ARCHITECTURAL ROOM.

Prominent among the one hundred and twenty drawings, which may be specially termed architectural, appear a number of the designs for the new Royal Exchange that were submitted in competition to the Gresham Committee. First and foremost may be cited Mr. Donaldson's admirable design (No. 1039), the excellence of which becomes more strongly evident the oftener it is examined. No. 1064, is Mr. Penne-thorne's; No. 978, Messrs. Wigg and Pownall's; and No. 970, Messrs. Wynt and Brandon's; all of which we have spoken of in another place. In addition to these are fresh designs for the same purpose, by Mr. Goldcutt (No. 973), Mr. Granville (No. 999), and Mr. J. D. Paine (No. 966); the first a large oval building, similar in plan and character to the Coliseum at Rome; and the latter, an old design for a hall of commerce, made at the Academy long before the destruction of the Exchange, and now reproduced for the occasion.

To speak of all the "designs for churches," "Gothic villas," and Tudor charity schools, which cover the walls,—all so much like what one has seen twenty times before, that it might be fancied they were made from moulds,—would be satisfactory neither to ourselves nor our readers. We must content ourselves, therefore, with pointing attention to some of the principal

works in the room; but we would *en passant* urge upon the architectural student the necessity of studying principles rather than precedents; and bid him remember that the mere reproduction of Grecian Doric columns, an Italian façade, or trefoil-headed windows, will not give him a claim to the title of artist.

C. BARRY exhibits the entrance front of an Unitarian chapel, lately erected at Manchester (No. 923), and a design for proposed alterations at Highclere, the seat of the Earl of Carnarvon (No. 939). This latter forms an extensive pile of Elizabethan character, with four towers at the angles, and a fifth of exceedingly massive proportions in the centre. Admirably as the whole is treated, we cannot but regret that Mr. Barry should assist to render popular a style, which is already but too often adopted to the prejudice of good taste.

P. HARDWICK has three drawings; Babraham, near Cambridge (No. 929). The Bishop's Palace at Hereford (No. 1029), and the Entrance to the Birmingham Railway (958).

T. L. DONALDSON, besides his design already spoken of, and some others, has a *project* for the Taylor and Randolph College, at Oxford, possessing much merit (No. 1045).

For the same building J. H. HAKEWILL exhibits a drawing (No. 1062), of more ornate character, and which was selected with four others from amongst the designs submitted in competition.

St. George's Hall, at Liverpool, is the subject for three designs; (No. 977,) by W. BARDWELL; (No. 917,) by G. ALEXANDER, for which the second premium was awarded; and (Nos. 979 and 1046,) by OWEN JONES. To these latter Mr. Jones has given an *Alhambraic* character, novel in England. (No. 984,) by the same artist, a view of the Hall of Judgment in the Alhambra, is a magnificent drawing of an elaborate nature. (No. 960,) by J. W. ATKINSON, is a view of St. Luke's Church, Cheetham Hill, in which a range of detached buttresses on either side, produce a good effect.

(No. 1002,) by G. A. BURN, and (No. 1017,) by E. FALKNER, both designs for a cathedral church, elaborated from St. Paul's, are clever drawings. No. 995, on the same subject, in the florid pointed style of architecture, by N. T. RANDALL, resembles in its details a piece of lace-work, and would fail to give pleasure through want of repose.

J. W. WILD has an exceedingly pretty design for the new church at Streatham (No. 1030). The style may be called Sicilian: colours are to be employed exteriorly.

S. SMIRKE's design for a club-house (Nos. 1037 and 1038,) presents an ordinary Italian residence, with an ugly Corinthian portico tacked to the front of it.

A Manorial House, by J. THOMPSON (No. 930); Bailiff's Cottage at Chequers, by E. B. LAMB (No. 983); Roehampton Priory, by GOUGH and ROUMIEU, (Nos. 1000 and 1001); and a design for a marine palace, by E. A. GIFFORD (No. 927), have all points of merit, and deserve examination.

We must not omit to mention in this place (although not strictly architectural), DAVID ROBERTS's beautiful painting of the remains of the Portico of the Lesser Temple, at Baalbec. This is truly a gem.

Into the room for Miniatures, and into the Sculpture-room, it is this month impossible for us to enter. We shall, in our next, resume the subject, and notice also such of the paintings as we have been now unable to observe upon. We were tempted to search for some by artists of whose names we were familiar, in consequence of the ability they had manifested elsewhere; and it is with exceeding regret we must describe many

of them as placed so distant from the eye, that we are in no condition to say if their producers have sustained the reputations they acquired in other galleries; we refer more especially to Messrs. Philip, O'Neil, Frith, Holst, and Hicks; men of talent certainly, and of industry we believe.

On reviewing the Exhibition, our impression, on terminating our labour for the present, is much as it was at the commencement of it—that the results of the year do not supply us with evidence of improvement in our British artists. As we have said, this is not the general opinion; it is one we have formed most reluctantly, and we sincerely hope it is erroneous. Our memories go back to last year, when "on the line" we found so many productions of high character by painters young and comparatively unknown; and while some of them have, we think, retrograded, we can name very few who have advanced. If this be admitted, the Exhibition cannot be described as satisfactory. The senior artists are not expected to progress; the greater number of them have gone as far towards perfection as they can go; it is to the junior members of the profession we must look with hope—their "standing still" is little less than fatal to them. Instances of originality of thought and invention are grievously rare; although cases of careful study and high finish are numerous enough.

In conclusion, we would venture to suggest to the Royal Academy, that it would be just as well as politic to admit to the private view those whose business it is to describe and criticise the collection. As few of the members visit the rooms on the "first day," they may have little notion of the "scrudging," and pushing, and driving, and the utter impossibility of obtaining more than glimpses of the favourite pictures. For ourselves, we have time allowed us for other examinations; and for ourselves, therefore, we may not claim indulgence for errors or wrong judgment on the ground of hasty or insufficient glances; but those who write for the public newspapers are less advantageously circumstanced; they have to endure some hours of great fatigue, and produce their comments with very limited information; always tired and out of humour, they go to their desks.

If we could anticipate a single rational objection to the issuing of about 20 tickets to persons so situated, we should not press it; but there can be none. Let this most unwise system of exclusion be departed from; and we shall no longer have the press seeking to content its readers with crude and brief remarks—as if the object was to get rid of a troublesome duty, rather than to labour for the advancement of the arts.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

The "old" society is by no means so satisfactory as the new; not because its exhibition is inferior, but because it affords no such evidence of improvement; moreover, in the new, there is not a single picture absolutely bad; in the old there are many. We have here no stepping out into "fresh fields;" a majority of the exhibitors have obtained fame; and are content; in the other they have a reputation to acquire, and are struggling for it; let them make next year an advance equal to that they have made during the past, and it is gained.

The exhibition under notice, is the THIRTY-SIXTH of the society. It consists of 324 works; contributed, however, very unequally, for while Cattermole has but one, and some other artists a very limited number; Copley Fielding has 37, and W. Hunt, 33.

FREDERICK TAYLER. The artist takes the lead in this exhibition; No. 145, 'The Morning of the Chase' is a fine composition, interesting in all its details, and wrought with considerable power. The animals are drawn with great accuracy; the female figures are especially beautiful and graceful; and the manly knights look like heroes of the olden time. There is a depth of tone in this picture—perhaps still more remarkable in No. 306, a delicious drawing of two lasses tending goats in the Highlands—that compels us to believe the artist will ere long relinquish the use of water-colours. He has contrived to introduce so much force and vigour into his works, that at first sight it will seem as if he had derived some assistance from oils. Mr. Tayler is an extensive and valuable contributor.

J. C. HARDING. If Mr. Harding has not progressed, he has certainly not gone back in the art of which he is so distinguished a master. His works are of the highest character and beauty; a rich vein of poetry runs through them all; and though essentially true to nature, he has looked at nature only to study her attractions. No. 127, 'Morning,' is a delicious picture. So is No. 139, 'Zell on the Moselle.' So indeed are all he this year exhibits.

W. CALLOW contributes some fine and effective drawings. No. 2, 'Interior of the Port of Havre;' and No. 35, 'View of Lyons,' may be pointed out as highly attractive.

W. HUNT. We confess ourselves wearied of Mr. Hunt's everlasting repetitions—notwithstanding their great merit. The nicest epicure will tire of "Toujours Perdrix." His admirers cannot but feel alarmed as to what he will possibly do when "his boy" grows to be a man.

S. PROUT. The always excellent artist maintains his ground; in some of the higher and better qualities of his art, he is still without a rival. A noble picture is No. 111, 'Prague, Bohemia;' and what exquisite copies of realisation are Nos. 249, 'Piazzetta, Venice;' 266, 'S. Maria Delle Salute, Venice;' and No. 324, 'The Fountain. Ulm.'

J. M. WRIGHT. No. 300, 'Guardian Angels' there are few better works than this in the exhibition; the composition is delicious; often as the subject has been selected, it has never, we think, received such ample justice.

COPLY FIELDING. The accomplished painter is, as usual, happy in his subjects—simple, graceful, and natural—and has so copied them as to render them universally attractive. No. 13, 'View on the Island of Staffa,' is a triumph of the art.

G. BARRET. No. 269, 'Fine Afternoon,'—a work of the highest merit, as true to nature as nature is to herself. It is without the mannerism—the eternal sun-sets and sun-rises—of which the admirers of this excellent artist have had somewhat more than enough.

If our space be not exhausted our spirit is; to write for hours after hours upon one subject necessarily becomes at last an irksome task. The difficulty of varying words and even sentences is very great; and on reviewing the result of such labour—when it is brought to a close—he must have either stolid intellect or grand opinion of self, who conveys to the public what he has written, without a consciousness how much he might still amend it, and a fear that his judgment has been frequently incorrect.

SOCIETIES IN CONNEXION WITH ART.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

The annual general meeting of the Institute was held on Monday, May 4th, Earl de Grey in the chair. The report of the Council showed

that very satisfactory progress had been made during the past year. The officers for the ensuing session were elected and declared to be as follows:—Messrs. Kay, Blore, and Burton, vice-presidents; Chawner, Ferry, Mocatta, Salvin, Mylne, Papworth, and Inman, ordinary members of Council; C. Fowler, and A. Poynter, secretaries. Since our last notice of the proceedings of this Society many very interesting papers have been read; viz. on a system of framing for roofs of large span by Herr Laves, of Hanover; on an ancient Pelasgic tomb recently discovered at Cervetri, between Rome and Civit  Vecchia, by the Cavaliere Canina; and on the classification of Egyptian architecture, by Mr. George Alexander, Fellow. Sir G. Wilkinson proposed a question respecting the origin of the vertical line in architecture, and the return to the horizontal line in Italian buildings; which was subsequently replied to in a pithy paper by Mr. George Godwin, Jun.

ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY.

ACADEMY FOR STUDY OF LIVING MODELS.

This useful Institution, which has been in operation about eighteen years, was originally formed by a few senior students of the Royal Academy; because of the inconvenience and loss of time they sustained in consequence of the closing of the academy schools during the exhibition, and at other periods of the year; by which five months' study was annually lost. They entered into a subscription, and provided a place of study, models and attendants, during those vacations; the experiment having succeeded, and a good feeling towards it having arisen among artists generally, the idea was conceived by the present curator of making it permanent for the general benefit of the arts, as it would afford a place of study for the finest elements of art, to many young men of talent who could not afford to devote the requisite time to obtain a student's ticket in the Royal Academy, and therefore had few opportunities of improving themselves, by acquiring those indispensable elements of art—a correct knowledge of the form, colouring, action, and expression of the human figure. This design of making the "annual academy" a permanent one having been adopted by the artists, Messrs. Taylor and Smith,* were appointed curators, and drew up a plan for its government; it was arranged upon very liberal principles,—as regarded the pecuniary amount required from each member, and the other regulations. Messrs. Taylor and Smith undertook to manage its affairs gratuitously.

The first permanent place of study the curators rented, was in Ship-place, Temple Bar, where they commenced early in 1825, in a large apartment that had for many years been one of the principal dining-rooms of the once noted King's Head Tavern. Here it continued until 1832, when the Institution was removed to Shade's Music Rooms, Sutton-street, Soho-Square; but as the members increased, these rooms became inconvenient, and in 1837, the society removed to 14, Upper St. Martin's-lane, its present locality, where the rooms are spacious and the light is excellent.

The summer studies commence on the last Monday in April, from a quarter past five, to half past seven o'clock daily, and continue until the end of August; the month of September is one of vacation; and on the first Monday in October, the winter studies begin at six and are continued to eight o'clock, by a very brilliant and concentrated gas light. The male and female models sit alternate weeks: they are the same that are employed at the Royal Academy.

The mode of admission to this school of art is by a ballot, which takes place within a fortnight after the candidate has been proposed and seconded.

The annual subscription is very small, being only five guineas annually to each subscriber; this covers all his expenses during that period.

The surplus fund remaining after the year's expenses are paid, is invested by the trustees in a savings' bank, for the benefit of the institution; the curator Mr. W. B. Sarsfield Taylor, and other officers, do their duty gratuitously. Many eminent artists have been, and others still are, members of this institution.

[The above notice may perhaps supply an answer to S. C. W., whose letter we published last month. He desired information as to "some school where one, whose means and knowledge are both limited, may have his studies properly directed."]

ARTISTS AND AMATEURS CONVERSATION.—The season closed on Wednesday, May 6. The meeting was a thin one; and we believe there will hereafter be none during the month when so many persons are absent from town.

* Mr. Smith has for some years ceased to belong to the society.

EXHIBITIONS.

MR. CATLIN'S INDIAN GALLERY.

Circumstances have hitherto prevented our noticing this most admirable exhibition; but we have examined it in all its parts with very minute attention, and have been highly gratified, as well as much informed, by doing so. Mr. Catlin's collection is by no means to be classed among the ephemeral amusements of the day; it is a work of deep and permanent interest. Perceiving that the rapid destruction of the aboriginal tribes, by war, disease, and the baneful influence of spirituous liquors, would soon cause all traces of the red men to be lost, Mr. Catlin determined on proceeding through their still untrodden wildernesses, for the purpose of gaining an intimate acquaintance with their manners and customs, and of procuring an exact delineation of their persons, features, ceremonies, &c., all which he has faithfully and perfectly accomplished at no small hazard of life and limb. It was not a common mind that could have conceived so bold a project, nor is he a common man who has so thoroughly accomplished it.

The arms, dresses, domestic implements, &c., &c., collected by the industry of this most energetic of explorers are precisely as they have been manufactured and used by their Indian owners, and form a collection, which every succeeding year will render more and more valuable. The portraits of distinguished warriors, &c., the representations of religious ceremonies, war dances, buffalo hunts, &c., &c., are depicted by Mr. Catlin himself, and that with a force and evident truth that bring the whole detail of Indian life in eloquent reality before the eyes of the spectator. We have no hesitation in saying that this gallery, together with that of Guiana exhibited by Mr. Schomburg, supply the most effective and valuable means for acquiring an exact acquaintance with the great American Continent that has ever been offered to the hunger and thirst after knowledge, so prevailing a characteristic of the age. Mr. Catlin is about to publish the details of his nine years' sojourn among the interesting people with whom his portraiture has made us so familiar; and we have no doubt that this work will render the stores of information he has opened to us in his gallery entire and complete. As works of art, their merit depends chiefly on their accuracy, of which no doubt can be entertained.

COSMORAMA.

This exhibition is particularly successful; we remember no season in which it has been surpassed. The extraordinary Rope Bridge of South America is a vivid reality, and the visitors of Versailles will find their old recollections strongly revived by the life-like views here presented of that palace and its gardens. The Lake of Thun is not, perhaps, given from its happiest point; but the Palace of Zenobia is truth itself; and the City of Constantinople—running through three parts of its extent, and throwing lurid gleams on the near point of the Seraglio, and on the distant shores of Scutari, where the spectator stands, is an illusion the force and effect of which must be seen to be understood. Our limits do not permit us to specify all the subjects given, but all are most efficiently portrayed, and well deserve a visit.

GUIANA EXHIBITION.

The entomologist, the botanist, and the student in geology will be alike informed and interested by this most attractive exhibition; there is scarcely any branch of natural history which it does not embrace and illustrate. The three natives who have accompanied Mr. Schomburg to this country are particularly interesting, more especially the Macusi, and all exhibit the dances, exercises, and customs of their country with great spirit. The domestic implements, weapons, ornaments, dresses, natural productions, &c., &c., of this hitherto unexplored region form a valuable museum, the whole of which has been collected by Mr. S. himself, who spent many years among its natives for the express purpose of furnishing Europeans with that minute history of their habits and customs, which the arms, poisons, landscapes, portraits, &c., &c., of his large collection supply, the whole rendered complete by the presence of its native inhabitants.

CHIT CHAT.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—The "hangers" of pictures, exhibited this year by the Royal Academy, are John Peter Deering, Richard Cook, and Edwin Landseer, Esqrs. The two former do not exhibit; Mr. Deering is an architect, and Mr. Cook is but nominally an artist, having long since, we believe, relinquished the executive of the profession, in consequence of his inheriting an ample fortune. There are, at present, three vacancies in the Academy, caused by the deaths of Mr. Hilton, Mr. Daniels, and Sir Jeffrey Wyatville; and, we believe, there will be places for no fewer than five associates.

THE NELSON COLUMN.—The ground is now enclosed, (the hoard being brought out considerably towards Charing-cross, to afford space for the workmen), and labourers are engaged in digging out for the foundation of the structure. As the matter must now be considered settled, further protestation against the chosen "monument" would be idle, and might seem vindictive: we shall, however, watch scrupulously the proceedings, and raise our voice in good time "should need be or require."

IN THE ARTISTS BENEVOLENT FUND.—the annuity branch of it, that is to say—a resolution has been recently adopted "to admit female artists as members." This is an act of justice, although a tardy one; we have been long taught, by themselves, to know that the women of our age and country are not the inferiors of the men. In the more abstruse sciences they have attained high distinction; in literature they are pre-eminent; and it is needless to add that in all the departments of the Fine Arts they have arrived at honourable stations. It is now a trite saying that "the soul is of no sex;" time was, indeed, when it was supposed that a woman fulfilled all her duties if she brought up children and made plumb-puddings; but we have since learned that the cultivation of the mind is by no means inconsistent with domestic occupations; and that she who labours for intellectual improvement is sure to be the better mother and the better wife. It seemed especially just that "female artists" should be admitted as "members" of this institution—for its objects is to induce artists to secure the right to an annuity in time of illness or incapacity for labour, by contributing an annual sum to the "Fund" while in circumstances of ease or prosperity. To women, therefore, such a resource was above all things essential; it is singular, indeed that they have been so long excluded from it. We rejoice therefore that the institution has at length made an arrangement as wise as it is reasonable and great.

THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Institution took place on Wednesday, the 9th of May, the Marquis of Normanby in the chair. We shall next month supply some observations on the subject.

SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY. In giving evidence recently, in the case of Carew v. the Executors of the late Earl of Egremont, the eminent sculptor stated some facts relative to his own personal history, which cannot fail to interest—and encourage—artists who practise so honourable but hazardous a branch of the profession. He said his age was either 54 or 56; he came to London in 1802, and began to labour at sculpture; he never worked for any other sculptor, and never had an hour's instruction from any sculptor in his life; he established a studio as soon as he could afford it—that was eight years after he entered the metropolis—and during these eight years he never made £3 in his profession. The bust by which he first got his reputation he made for nothing—it was a bust of Horne Tooke; it went

to the exhibition in model, for neither Horne Tooke nor he could afford to make it in marble; he got £12,000 of commissions by that bust at the exhibition; "so that," adds the admirable artist and high-minded gentleman, "you see how uncertain the rise of a sculptor is."

THE NEW POSTAGE STAMPS.—A terrible outcry has been made against these productions; so general is it, indeed, that they must be characterised as failures, as far as they are attempts to gratify or satisfy the public. Our opinion is borne out only by the *Spectator*—a good authority at all events, and not to be suspected of being biassed by party spirit, any more than ourselves. The *Times*, with its tremendous influence, can almost make perfection appear grotesque; and it has taken the lead against "the penny pictures." There is certainly a wide difference between the proof impression originally submitted to us, and the poor print now before us that has passed through the Post-office; the great recommendation of the design having been destroyed by defacing the figure of Britannia with a huge red cross; nevertheless we stand up for the grace and beauty of the drawing, its utility, because of its accuracy in cultivating the eye of the mass, and its effect in preventing forgery, by the exquisite character of the execution. It is far more easy to find fault with, than to improve upon a thing; we should like to know which of the carpers could give us a better.

SINGULAR AUCTION.—The vestry of Marylebone, in the spirit of economy which is said to characterise the age, have sold by public auction, and for the enormous sum of ten pounds, the "transparent picture" of the Annunciation, painted by the late Benjamin West; for which a former vestry paid the sum of £860. There was but one bidder—a Mr. John Wilson, to whom it was "knocked down;" but within a few minutes after he was offered for it, and refused, ten times the amount. It formerly occupied a large space in the centre of the organ of Marylebone New Church; but in the year 1826 it was removed, and has since, for fourteen years, been lying in a lumber-room at the Marylebone Court House, until directed to be sold. The ten pounds thus supplied to the parish exchequer may be a matter of vital moment to the wealthiest district of the metropolis; if it be not so, the business is disgraceful to all the parties concerned in it. If the vestrymen were unable to appreciate this work of art, and would have attached greater value to as large a piece of canvass to convert into cheese bags or coal sacks, they might have been told that there were other vestries who would give it room in some sacred edifice. It is to be lamented that no public spirited individual was by, to rescue it from the clutches of these parish Vandals, in order to have it placed where it might be seen and valued.

WELLINGTON TESTIMONIALS.—SCOTLAND.—The testimonials in honour of his grace the Duke of Wellington, to be erected in Edinburgh and Glasgow, progress most favourably; and there is now no doubt that sums will be collected sufficiently ample to secure such examples of art as will be worthy of the age and country. We are no longer anxious concerning the amount; but we earnestly hope the arrangements will be such as to avoid the peril of that "jobbing" which has disgraced England. In reference to that at Glasgow, "a select sub-committee has been appointed to procure information regarding the most eminent sculptors in Europe, the best mode of selection, the terms on which they would undertake to execute a statue worthy of the illustrious Duke, of Glasgow and the west of Scotland, and the probable time the artist would take to finish it." What

is meant by the words "in Europe" we cannot at present say; it surely is not designed to give the commission to a foreigner—so that, for the first time, a foreigner may *cut out* the Duke. Such a notion cannot, we imagine, be for a moment entertained; but it would have been as well to have worded the announcement a little more distinctly.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION CLOSES ON SATURDAY the 16th of May. The number of pictures sold is under eighty—about one-sixth of the collection. We have already published a list of nearly all of them. The principal purchasers are, the Duke of Argyll, the Marquises of Lansdowne, Westminster, and Ely; Lords Northwick and Francis Egerton; Messrs. Robert Vernon, W. Wells, and C. B. Wall; Sir T. Baring, Rev. J. Power, Arthur Pryor, G. Walker, &c. The exhibition of paintings by the old masters will be opened forthwith; and in association with them the works of Mr. Hilton. It is stated—though not, we believe, on authority—that the directors design next year to give four prizes of £50 each, for the pictures they consider most meritorious. We earnestly hope that this, although very little, will be done. Upon the importance of such a step we have repeatedly remarked, and shall again comment.

SAMUEL PROUT, ESQ., has been appointed painter in water colours in ordinary to Prince Albert. Our readers are, no doubt, aware that some time ago a similar distinction was conferred upon him by her Majesty. We hail the circumstance as proof of the good taste both of the Queen and her royal husband; and as evidence that they know well how to distinguish what is good and true from what is meretricious in art. It is gratifying to find the Sovereign confirming the opinion of the public, with whom Mr. Prout has long been an especial favourite.

PICTURES BY THE OLD MASTERS.—An advertisement in the 'Art-Union,' invites connoisseurs to inspect a collection of works by some of the most famous of the old masters, at Messrs. Gritten's, in Trafalgar-square. We have examined them, and feel bound to report upon their high merit. The Claudes are especially beautiful, and in the purest condition. The Raffaele is a cabinet picture—a perfect gem, the true character of which no one will doubt who looks upon it. A grand landscape by Poussin, is to our minds equal to any production by the great masters in this country. There are many other works of great value, the inspection of which may afford a rich treat to all lovers of the arts. We may next month refer to them at greater length.

ASSIZE COURTS, LIVERPOOL.—The first premium offered for the best design for this purpose has been awarded to Mr. Elmes, Jun., who lately obtained the premium for a design for St. George's Hall in the same town. There are, of course, various opinions with respect to the superiority of the plan, but according to the report made by the council, it had always the greatest number of suffrages throughout the scrutiny. It has been stated as objectionable, and with justice, that Mr. Elmes introduced an accurate drawing of the proposed front of St. George's Hall in connection with the new design, so that its author was at once recognizable. The second premium was gained by Mr. Greig, of Exeter. An exhibition of the designs was opened in Liverpool *after* the decision, and excited some interest. A correspondent speaks well, among others, of a design by Mr. Corbett, of Manchester, which presented a perfect restoration of the Parthenon at Athens. We shall be glad to see the time when the exhibition shall precede the determination of the committee, as we may expect that public opinion will then have influence in the selection.

THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE SIR SIMON H. CLARKE, BART.

This famous and beautiful collection of works by the old masters was sold by Christie and Manson on the 8th and 9th of May.

We copy from the catalogue the list of pictures which brought higher sums than £100, with the names of the parties by whom they were purchased.

CLAUDE.—'A Woody Landscape,' with the Virgin seated with the Infant, to whom an angel is presenting fruit; St. Joseph is occupied with the ass near them. Through an opening in the wood is seen a river and mountainous distance. (Mons. Nieuwenhuys, £262 10s.)

BERGHEM.—'Roman Ruins near a Bridge, over a Cascade,' with peasants and cattle, and mountainous distance; a brilliant evening sky illumines the composition; upright. (Mr. Buchanan, £252.)

BERGHEM.—'The Ruins of a Roman Aqueduct,' with cattle crossing a ford, led by a mounted female peasant; a hilly distance; glowing effect of evening; the companion. (Mr. Sequier, for Sir Robert Peel, £404 3s.)

RACHEL RUYSSCH, 1720.—'A Group of Peaches, Grapes, and other Fruit, in a wood, near the stem of a decayed tree, with insects, and a lizard attacking a bird's nest.' Formerly in the cabinet of the Prince Regent. (Mr. Daubeny, £267 14s.)

THE SAME, 1719.—'A Group of Flowers elegantly disposed in a glass vase, in which the window of an apartment is reflected.' The companion. (Mr. Dunford, £210.)

REMBRANDT VAN RHYN.—'Le Port Drapeau; Rembrandt in the character of a Standard-Bearer; From the collection of the Chevalier Verhaelt, M. le Bœuf, and M. Robit. It was afterwards in the collection of his Majesty George IV., who exchanged it with M. Lafontaine for other pictures. (Baron Lionel Rothschild, £840.)

RUYSDAEL.—'A Waterfall; a river is falling in a cascade between a woody bank, on which is a cottage, and rocks on which two figures are conversing. (M. Nieuwenhuys, £556 10s.)

NICOLÉ POUSSIN.—'The Holy Family, with a Group of Four Angels.' Engraved by Pesne. From the collection of the Duc de Deux Ponts, M. Robit, and Lord Radstock. (T. H. Hope, Esq., M.P., £273.)

TERBURG.—'Reading a Letter.' From the collection of M. Poulain, M. Proley, M. Robit, and G. Hibbert, Esq. Exhibited in the British Gallery in 1815. (M. Nieuwenhuys, £435 15s.)

KAREL DU JARDIN.—'A Bullock, an Ass, some Sheep and Goats, under a group of trees in a warm sunny landscape; near them a female is seated sleeping, her distaff by her side; a boy is playing near her; on the sunny height above are seen the ruins of a castle.' From the collection of M. Robit. (M. Segnier, for Sir R. Peel, £976 10s.)

RUBENS.—'Diana departing for the Chase; from the collections of M. Wouter, Valchemer, and G. Hibbert, Esq. (M. Nieuwenhuys, £610 10s.)

TENIERS.—'The Industrious Housewife; a woman, in a red corset, cleaning a pot upon a tub, and a man looking at her from a window; some fish, and a variety of utensils, complete the composition. From the collections of M. Julien, M. Nyert, the Prince de Conti, Count de Merle; and purchased by Sir Simon Clarke from the collection of M. Noir de Breuil, in 1821. (Baron Lionel Rothschild, £283 10s.)

PAUL VERONESE.—'Venus, seated on a Couch,' with a drapery over her knees, is withholding the bow of Cupid, which he is raising himself on a footstool endeavouring to regain; a crimson drapery is suspended behind. This chef-d'œuvre was formerly in the Colonna Palace, and subsequently in the collection of Walsh Porter, Esq. (Mr. Artaria, £325 10s.)

BRILL AND ROTENHAEMER.—'Diana and Actæon.' The Goddess bathing with her nymphs in a clear stream, under a rocky cavern, through which a cascade is falling, is surprised by Actæon; a stag-hunt is represented in the open distant landscape. (G. Byng, Esq., M.P., £313.)

CUYP.—'A Castle' on a precipitous rock, overlooking a bay, in which vessels are lying, a bril-

liant moon is shining on the water, and through the branches of a group of trees in the foreground. (Earl of Normanton, £357.)

GUIDO.—'The Magdalen' seated; her countenance, which is surrounded by a glory, is raised in contemplation; her long hair falls over her neck, on which one of her hands is placed; her left hand is resting on a blue drapery. The alabaster vase is seen behind. (G. Byng, Esq., M.P., £210.)

GUIDO.—'Head of the Magdalen,' her hand on her breast, which is nearly covered by her hair. (Mr. Segnier, for the National Gallery, £430.)

WYNANTS.—'An open Landscape,' with trees on a sandy bank, above a road, on which a peasant is driving cattle and sheep, near some wooden palings. (Mr. Wilson, £162 15s.)

REMBRANDT VAN RHYN.—'The Tribute Money,' dated 1645. This is probably the picture which was engraved by McArdell, at the time it was in the collection of John Blackwood, Esq. From the collection of M. Robit. Exhibited in the British Gallery in 1815. (Mr. Woodburn, £630.)

WENIX.—'A Garden Scene,' with a peacock, a dead deer, a goose, and game, near a sculptured vase on a pedestal; a spaniel and monkey, with a basket of fruit on the left. (Lord Ashburton, £132 5s.)

DOMENICHINO.—'The Magdalen in Contemplation;' she is clad in a red, yellow, and blue drapery, resting on a stone pedestal, on which the vase of ointment stands. (G. Holford, Esq., £698 5s.)

WILLIAM MIERIS.—'A Man and Woman' at a sculptured window, with crimped fish and a glass of liquor. (Mr. Artaria, £246 15s.)

ADRIAN VAN DE VELDE, 1669.—'A Woman milking a Cow,' and a shepherd lying down by her side; a cow and a group of sheep reposing in the shade. (Mr. Acraman, of Bristol, £346 10s.)

GUERCINO.—'Christ and the Woman of Samaria.' The Saviour is seated by the well, clad in a red and blue drapery, his hand upraised in conversation with the Samaritan woman. From the Balbi Palace. (Lord Northwick, £325 10s.)

CLAUDE.—'A Sea-port at Sunrise.' From the collection of Madame Bandeville and Monsieur Robit. Exhibited in the British Gallery 1831. (Mr. Norton, £735.)

CARLO DOLCE.—'St. John,' in a green and red drapery, holding a pen and book. From the Gallery of Lucien Buonaparte. (Mr. Fuller, £504.)

CARLO DOLCE.—'St. Matthew writing his Gospel,' attended by an angel. The companion picture. From the Gallery of Lucien Buonaparte. (Mr. Artaria, £955 10s.)

REMBRANDT VAN RHYN.—'Rembrandt's Wife' represented in a profile view, with both hands placed on her waist in front. From the collection of M. Robit. (M. Nieuwenhuys, £142 16s.)

REYSDAEL.—'A Winter Scene;' view of a canal with a village on its banks. From the collection of M. Geldemeester. (Mr. Artaria, £210.)

WOUVERMANS.—'Le Depart des Cavaliers.' A party of cavalry soldiers with three horses preparing to depart from a sutler's booth erected near the centre of a barren landscape at the side of an old tree. From the collections of Le Marquis de Pange, M. Montrilblond, and M. Polozan. Engraved by Moyreau. (M. Nieuwenhuys, £435 15s.)

ANNIBALE CARRACCI.—'The Virgin seated on the cradle with the Infant in her arms, who is holding an apple;' St. Joseph leaning on a table with a book in his hand. (Mr. Robson, £110 5s.)

ADRIAN VAN DE VELDE.—Under the shade of some noble trees peasants are passing a ford with sheep and goats, a man is leading a cow, and a female following with a lamb under her arm; another figure is following in the rear. From the collection of M. Robit. (Mr. Segnier, for Sir Robert Peel, £798 10s.)

JAN STEEN.—'The Tired Traveller.' From the collections of the Duc de Valentinois, and J. F. Tuffen, Esq., 1818. Exhibited in the British Gallery, 1819. (C. Bevan, Esq., £588.)

WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE.—'A Calm,' with a Dutch fleet at anchor, awaiting a royal personage, who is embarking from a yacht; salutes are being fired from different vessels, numerous others are in motion, and the Dutch coast is seen in the distance. (Mr. Brown, £1029.)

NICOLO POUSSIN.—'Venus appearing to Æneas.' From the collections of the Prince de Carignan and M. Robit. Exhibited in the British Gallery in 1832. (M. Nieuwenhuys, £262 10s.)

GABRIEL METZ.—'Le Corset Rouge,' the companion to the celebrated Corset Bleu, represents a lady dressed in a scarlet velvet corset, and a taffeta petticoat. From the collections of R. de Boisset, M. Destouches, M. Wattier, and M. Robit. Exhibited in the British Gallery in 1815. (£535 10s.)

CUYP.—'A Woman milking a Cow;' a view near the river Maes, with a high bank on the left, on the summit of which are two cows, one of them lying down, the other standing; and at the foot of the hill in front is a young woman milking a red cow. The river, with its vessels and boats, occupies the right of the picture. From the collection of M. Robit. Exhibited in the British Gallery in 1829. (Mr. Artaria, £955 10s.)

RUBENS.—'The Holy Family;' a composition of four figures, as large as life, seen to the knees. This capital picture is stated to have been painted for a M. Grouin, in whose family it continued until it was purchased for the Presle Collection, from whence it was transferred to the collections of M. Robit. M. Wouter, Valckenier, Mr. Bryan, and G. Hibbert, Esq. Engraved by J. Ward. (G. Holford, Esq., £946.)

TENIERS.—'The Freemasons.' This picture was formerly in the collection of M. Bellanger, 1747. It is engraved by Lepicier, under the title of 'Les Francs-Maçons Flamands.' (Mr. Dunford, £561 10s.)

MURILLO.—'The Good Shepherd;' from the collection of M. Robit. (Baron Lionel Rothschild, £3045.)

MURILLO.—'The Infant St. John,' from the same collection. (Lord Ashburton, £2100.)

The amount obtained for the collection exceeded £28,000. The prices were so high as to astonish many who have been of late strongly asserting that the passion for the old masters is rapidly giving way to a desire and determination to foster the arts of our own age and country; upon this topic we shall have some comments to offer next month.

THE PROPOSED ROYAL EXCHANGE.

After a struggle of interests, which, if it were not disgraceful, would be laughable to those who are behind the curtain, the Gresham Committee have decided between Mr. Cockerell's design and Mr. Tite's design, in favour of the latter, — in other words, the Chairman has succeeded, after much hard work, in obtaining the job for his protégé, and a pretty job the whole affair is likely to be. We mean no disparagement to Mr. Tite, who is doubtless a very able and very proper person; but we ask, in the name of common sense, by what plea can the committee justify themselves for having thrown overboard men of equal, nay, superior, standing, who had engaged in the competition at an expense of some hundreds of pounds, and deputed Mr. Tite to the task, who was a perfect stranger to the affair, and had taken no trouble about it? We could, perhaps, give a reason for the selection — we could, perhaps, show a connexion with some of the ruling powers which should make all clear to the most obtuse; but, as our aim is on every occasion to avoid unkind personalities where no good is likely to follow them, we refrain from so doing. We assert, nevertheless, what every architect in England has already said, and what every unprejudiced man who examines the circumstances will hereafter say; that the competitors for the honour of rebuilding the Royal Exchange have been most scurvily treated throughout the whole affair, and that Mr. Donaldson in particular has substantial reasons for loud and serious complaint. It appears that the new building will be commenced immediately, and that the church of St. Bartholomew, by the Bank, will be speedily pulled down, in order to improve the approaches. The removal of this church (wherein, too, lie the remains of Miles Coverdale, one of the earliest reformers), may be expected to open to view some vestiges of Roman London, so that it behoves our antiquarian readers to watch the progress of its destruction. In an ensuing number we shall enter into an examination of the selected design for the Exchange, and shall not fail to keep a watchful eye on the future proceedings.

REVIEWS.

ARCHITECTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS, HISTORY, and DESCRIPTION OF CARLISLE CATHEDRAL. By ROBERT WILLIAM BILLINGS. London: Boone. 1840.

This work, which we took occasion to speak of during its progress, is now completed, and forms a most worthy companion to Britton's "Cathedral Antiquities," of which, indeed, it is a continuation. In that valuable production, all the English Cathedrals, with the exception of Carlisle, Chester, Chichester, Durham, Ely, Lincoln, Manchester, Ripon, and Rochester, are illustrated and described; and the deficiency which exists with regard to these, it is the intention of the author of the book now before us, to supply. He has commenced the undertaking most admirably, and deserves our unqualified approbation. Forty-five plates, besides cuts—all of them drawn by the author, and most of them engraved by him also—are given to the elucidation of its architectural peculiarities, and serve, not merely to afford general ideas of forms and effects, but to supply to the architect and practical mason all the mouldings, ornaments, tracery, and capitals, required in the execution of buildings imitative of those of the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, for through all these periods did the erection and completion of this cathedral extend. Founded in the Norman dynasty as a priory church, it became the cathedral on the creation of the see of Carlisle by King Henry I.; but remained in its original state till the year 1292, when a great part of the building was destroyed by fire. Restoration was shortly afterwards commenced, but the works were not completed till 1401, in which year the choir was fitted up for service. The great east window, second to none in England, was erected probably at the commencement of the fourteenth century. In the elucidation of the principles by which the architect was governed in designing this window, Mr. Billings has shown such ability and care as to have obtained for him, from the Society of Arts, their Gold medal. The number of centres from which the curves forming the tracery are struck, is no less than two hundred and sixty-three! We most cordially recommend the book to our readers, and trust the author will find sufficient patronage to enable him to continue to the end the work he has so well begun. Durham cathedral will be the subject of his next part.

THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON. By GEORGE MOIR BUSSEY. Illustrated by HORACE VERNET. Vol. I. Publisher: Joseph Thomas.

This work has been produced in a very attractive form; it is printed with exceeding care and delicacy, and its appearance is peculiarly elegant. The History of Napoleon—the comet of a season—has been compiled in a highly satisfactory manner. Mr. Bussey has vast admiration for his hero, whom he eulogises sometimes to excess; but his enthusiasm is at least pardonable; and we nowhere perceive tokens of unfairness—certainly nothing approaching to wilful misstatement or misinterpretation. He has laboured, and successfully, to write so as to be intelligible as well as interesting to the mass, and his book is in all respects calculated to be extensively popular. It is with the embellishments, however, we have most concern. The fame of Horace Vernet is spread all over the world; of the hundreds of his drawings engraved for this volume, there is scarcely one that does not evidence a masterly mind and a free pencil—often, indeed, they manifest both imagination and invention to an amazing extent; and astonishment as well as pleasure will be frequently excited by a few simple touches that convey a

thought. The subjects are very varied; for, although battles necessarily preponderate, incidents of every kind supply material for the artist. Our students in art will do well to consult the work. For power and fertility of design, accuracy of drawing, and freedom in finish, we know of nothing so easily accessible to be compared with it.

THE BOOK OF ARCHERY. By G. A. HANSARD, GWENT BOWMAN. Publishers, Longman and Co.

The history of archery, which Mr. Hansard has so well embodied in his volume, is the history of the feudal days of England's chivalry—the days when tilts and tourneys were the monarch's pastime, and the archer drew a bow at the "target's eye" in honour of his "ladye-love." Robin Hood was the Napoleon of the age of martial archery: stout of heart, and ready of hand, as Mr. Hansard describes him, he reigned lord paramount over the finest glades of "Merry Sherwood," in defiance of the lion-hearted Richard, and his still more inveterate enemy, the "Sheriffe of Nottingham," to boot. In the hands, and under the guidance of this robber chief, archery rose from a pastime into a science; and if we pass from the valiant deeds done by the archer knights and kings of England, to the valiant warfare of other countries, we shall find that the Persian and the Tartar of the present day are bowmen of no mean or contemptible skill. With the advancing tide of martial improvements, archery resigned its place in warfare to instruments more efficient, and it is now, in European countries, followed only as a healthy and elegant pastime. Mr. Hansard enumerates the various Toxophilite Societies, with their rules and regulations; every thing appertaining to the education and "finding" of a young archer, with rules for his "gentle" and courtly behaviour, are given at full length. The chapter devoted to female archery is written *con amore*, and is one of the most delightful in the whole volume. The pictorial embellishments are some of the most beautiful we have lately seen, and remind us of those which adorned the annuals when these were in their palmy days. The engravings are from the designs of F. P. Stephanoff; the frontispiece is a portrait of her Majesty, in archery costume, from the burin of Stocks. It is an agreeable work of art. Nor must we omit to mention the historical plates in outline at the end of the volume, designed and executed by W. H. Brooke, which for classical truth, and correctness of detail, cannot be excelled. The "crafter" have met with a very able historian in Mr. Hansard; the Gwent Bowman has "done his spiriting gently."

THE NATURALIST'S LIBRARY. Vol. VI. Bees. Publisher, Lizars, Edinburgh.

Amongst the various natural sciences which have been so successfully cultivated in the present day, none have been followed out with a more generous ardour, or with a more devoted pursuit, than Entomology. Among its votaries may be numbered many of the great and good of our native land. Multitudes have written on this interesting department of natural history, and have added more or less to our knowledge of what has been a subject of investigation for ages. The philosopher, the poet, and the artist, have each delighted in the delineative study of the insect whose nature and habits afford such ample scope for inquiry and contemplation; and even the less intellectual peasant, while not insensible to the profitable delights of its judicious culture, has regarded with pleasure and admiration, its ingenious operations and unceasing activity. To all who delight in entomology, the present volume will prove a treasure. Its embellishments, which are numerous and ex-

cuted with great ability, reflect much credit on Mr. Westwood, under whose immediate superintendence they have been engraved. The entire volume, indeed, is a worthy companion to those of the Naturalist's Library which have preceded it.

Standard Edition of GULLIVER'S TRAVELS; illustrated by GRANVILLE; with notes by W. C. TAYLOR, L.L.D., Trin. College, Dublin. Haywood and Moore.

"Gulliver's Travels" is one of the most singular examples of the extraordinary genius of Dean Swift, and of the toleration of the age in which he lived; however beautiful, wonderful indeed the illustrations are, (whether we regard the freedom of the drawing, or the combined boldness and delicacy of the cutting), we cannot but regret that the artist has gone hand in hand with the author, and chosen some of the most revolting portions of the letter-press for the display of his abilities. There was no necessity for this. There is abundance of wit to illustrate; abundance of humour to work out; plenty of character to portray; but, unfortunately, Monsier Granville has not had the necessary tact to discriminate; and though "Gulliver's Travels" will always be a library book, he has made it more unfit than ever for the drawing-room table. Such things may be tolerated in France, but an English publisher and an English editor should have known better than to insult English propriety by the republication of such engravings as hardly escape the cognizance of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. We regret being forced by our regard for public morals to express our sentiments, entertaining as we do a high opinion of Doctor Taylor's learning and ability; and believing Messrs. Hayward and Moore to be spirited and enterprising publishers, but certainly in this instance they have made a great mistake; and effectually barred the publication from extensively circulating—a peril they might easily have avoided by omitting a score or two of the cuts.

A NATURAL HISTORY OF QUADRUPEDS, and OTHER MAMMIFEROUS ANIMALS; INCLUDING THE PRINCIPAL VARIETIES OF THE HUMAN RACE; by WILLIAM CHARLES LINNEUS MARTIN, F.L.S.; with upwards of 1500 engravings on wood, from drawings by WILLIAM HARVEY. Nos. 1, 2, 3. Publishers, Whitehead and Company.

We have copied nearly the whole of the title-page of this publication, in order to explain its intent; and have little more to add, save that the design is worked out in the most masterly manner. It is evidently the author's resolve to gather information from the safest and most efficient sources; and nothing can exceed the accuracy and beauty of the engravings. The first numbers are necessarily dry and heavy to the general reader, as the preliminaries to science always are; but they gain in interest as they proceed. Judging from the parts before us, we have no doubt that this will become one of the standard works of the nineteenth century: we shall again refer to it when it is somewhat more advanced.

RICAUTI'S RUSTIC ARCHITECTURE. Publishers, Grattan and Gilbert.

The author of these designs informs us, in a very modest introduction, that it is his intention, if this number meet with encouragement, to proceed with the work, under the title of "Cottage Architecture;" so as to apply the characteristic features of existing national architecture to modern domestic purposes. The designs are not only tasteful and appropriate, but of moderate expense, and calculated to embellish a gentleman's property, without encumbering the peasant by the care of useless ornament. We

hope to see the series continued, more especially as we deem it one that may be made most useful to the settlers in the New World.

THE LAND OF BURNS; a Series of Landscapes and Portraits, illustrative of the Life and Writings of the Scottish Poet. Publishers: Blackie and Son, Glasgow.

This is, in all respects, a most valuable and interesting work, and highly creditable to the press of a provincial publisher. The "Land of Burns" comprehends the most beautiful and picturesque portions of Scotland; nature has nowhere supplied fitter subjects for the pencil; in their association with the immortal poems of the great Scottish poet they are familiar to millions who have never crossed the Tweed. Wherever the beauties of natural poetry are felt; wherever there is a head to conceive, or a heart to feel, the poetry of Burns is sacred and beloved; it is with us as a familiar friend, it is as dear to our affections as it is valuable to our understandings. And these volumes, bringing before us the places hallowed by his genius—likenesses of those he loved, and who loved him—cannot fail to be welcomed with enthusiasm in every dwelling, from the palace to the cottage.

We open one at random: here is the poet's farm at Ellisland, where he wrote *Tam O'Shanter*, and those ever-enduring verses to "Mary in heaven." On the next page the engraved features of Miss Euphemia Murray, whom he celebrated as the "Phemie," whose

"Bonnie face it was as meek
As any lamb upon the lee;"

here—the "Birks of Aberfeldy," then a most exquisite view of "Lochlomond," the "Two brigs of Air," the positive grave of "Tam O'Shanter," with many many others, recalling the feelings of our early days; while we look on the pictured scenes, we conjure up the music associated with such exquisite poetry, and can fancy ourselves really in the "Land of Burns."

These volumes are also enriched by other beauties of a different character; the friends and associates of the immortal poet—those with whom "he lived, and moved, and had his being"—whose names, however large their wealth and station, would have been forgotten but for their association with the author of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." What a lesson is this to the greatness based upon "sordid Gold!" We have but brief space to notice such a book, though we give to it our warmest praise. Professor Wilson and Mr. Robert Chambers have supplied the letter-press with admirable tact and feeling; and as a whole, the "Land of Burns" is the most charming work that has issued from the press for years.

HEATH'S WAVERLY GALLERY. Publisher, Charles Tilt.

Numbers one and two of this pretty, interesting, and, indeed, useful work, are upon our table; the Waverly spell is still over us, and must continue while there is life, or a love of sight that embellishes life in England. The first number contains "Margaret Ramsay," a very sweet figure, where the maiden looks very much ashamed of her male attire. "Diana Vernon," from the pencil of Kenny Meadows, and "Alice Lee, at evening prayer," the volume open before her. "The White Lady of Avenel" is the first of the series in the second number—an Ophelia-like figure, rising from the stream. Mrs. Mac Ian has pictured with much grace and spirit the "Glee Maiden"; there is a world of feeling in her deep dark eyes, and the figure and dress are precisely as Scott describes them; the attitude of the little dog is expressive, both of adroitness and affection. "Effie Deans" is a new reading of her pictorial character; we generally see her in prison or in tears. Miss

Drummond's idea of the frank-hearted, self-willed, passionate lassie, is good, but it is "broadly" expressed—though Effie had the spirit of a lion, she had the gracefulness of a fawn, and could not have looked so bold or as fleshy—(we beg pardon for the word, but we can find no other to convey our idea), as she is here represented.

We anticipate with pleasure those which are to come; they will form a beautiful volume, accompanied as they are by descriptive letter-press.

THE LADIES' FLOWER GARDEN. By Mrs. LOUDON. Publisher, Smith, Fleet-street.

The first volume of this elegant work is now completed; it is one for which the Ladies of England may well be grateful. The culture of flowers is at once an elegant, a feminine, and a healthful occupation, and those who extend its practice are public benefactors. The most beautiful annual, however, is but the acquaintance of the sunny summer; it is to the next volume promised that we look for the greater pleasure. "*Bulbs*" may be considered in the light of old steady friends, with whose faces we have long been familiar, and who are sure to receive a cordial welcome when the birds have announced a coming spring. The illustrations are exquisitely coloured, and their accuracy may be depended upon. Few works of modern times may be more strongly recommended to the lovers of art, and the lovers of nature.

LETTER FROM ABEL KNOCKDUNDER, LIEUTENANT H.P., TO MR. LUKE TINTO, Haberdasher in Glasgow, containing Strictures on the Proceedings of the Association for Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland. Publishers, Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh.

This small and well written pamphlet, contains a digest of the dispute which has agitated, to a great extent, the subscribers to the Edinburgh Original Association for the promotion of Art in Scotland, as to the propriety of extending their purchases beyond the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy. It is obviously the production of some one well versed in the constitution, as well as acquainted with the proceedings of the body. The work, although strong, is temperately reasoned, and the case at all events fairly stated. From the frequent and large quotation of documents, it seems evidently the writer's intention to establish his case by argument, rather than to carry it by assertion. It is introduced by a very clever and quaint preliminary note, explanatory of the origin and connection of the supposed correspondents. Altogether it is well worthy of the attention of all who take any interest in the controversy, or in the affairs of the institution.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN. Painter, E. PRENTIS. Engraver, JAMES SCOTT. Publishers, Ackermann & Co.

One of the touching scenes that Mr. Prentis knows so well how to illustrate. The prodigal has returned and fallen at the feet of both parents; the mother, a pale, delicate invalid, whose life has worn away in anxiety for the spendthrift, holds forth her arms, ready to clasp him to the bosom from whence he drew the first nourishment of life, and where he has planted bitter anguish; the father stands sternly by, but his daughter hangs on his arm imploringly; while the young man's nurse, a very aged woman, is seen watching at the door, anxious that he should be forgiven. The accessories are well made out; the song of "Sweet Home" is on the desk of the open piano, and a picture of the prodigal of our Saviour's parable, hangs above it—teaching its beautiful lesson of mercy

and forgiveness to hearts which feel and echo its silent but forcible advice. We hope the mother may recover, but we fear it. She is worn and bending beneath sorrows heaped upon her by him who should have been the prop of her declining years; it is a print which, for its moral beauty, no less than its truth, ought to hang in all our English houses.

HER MAJESTY AND PRINCE ALBERT; painted by W. ROSS, A.R.A.; drawn on stone by R. J. LANE, A.R.A. Publishers: Colnaghi and Puckle.

These beautiful little "companion" engravings are from the justly-celebrated miniatures of Mr. Ross; that of her Majesty is by many degrees the most like of any mere portrait yet given to the public;—the bright blue eye—the smooth, polished brow—the smiling mouth, ready to break into laughter—are all true to nature—Nature in her happiest mood: the possession of such a likeness of our royal mistress must be a treasure to every loyal heart. We do not think Mr. Ross has been equally fortunate with his Royal Highness, although, as the expression of his countenance is not as variable as her Majesty's, we should not imagine it so difficult to "catch." The features are there, certainly; but it is not lifelike: it is too severe—too cold and calm. Both, however, are of equal merit as works of art, and are exquisitely drawn in lithography by Richard Lane: indeed, they may vie with the most successful specimens of the art hitherto produced in England. As a copyist of portraits in this style, Mr. Lane is still without a rival.

The "happy pair" will, no doubt, be in the hands of thousands; we rejoice, therefore, that they are good and true as works of arts, and trust they may displace the hosts of wretched prints which libel royalty, and impair the taste of the subject.

MELANCTHON'S FIRST MISGIVINGS OF THE CHURCH OF ROME. Painter, GEORGE LANCE; engraver, THOMAS LUPTON. Publishers, H. Leggett & Co.

This is a fine and noble portrait of Melancthon, whose deeply interesting and important history is known to every professor of the Protestant faith. Such a scene might well awaken "doubts" in a reflective mind: the richly-plest board—the flagon—the wine-cup—the holy Missal fallen from the hand of the pampered monk, as he sleeps

—"After dinner of heaven to dream,
But that is fat pullets and clouted cream."

The luxuries of this world, altogether displacing thought of the world to come—a scene from which the young priest turns more in sorrow than in anger: the reserve, thoughtfulness, and dignity of his figure, are admirable. The Liverpool Society awarded its prize to this picture by Mr. Lance. It has been well engraved by Mr. Lupton, and will find favour with thousands.

PANIC STRUCK! Painter, W. HUNT; engraver, H. J. RYALL. Publishers, Ackermann and Co.

One of the singular and striking portraits which the peculiar ability of Mr. Hunt has, of late, made so extensively popular. A loutish lad is in the beer-cellar; his hair stands on end, his eyes start from their sockets, the candle shakes in his hand—it is clear that he sees a ghost, although it be hidden from our eyes. It is full of point and humour; and, while one of the artist's best and most effective productions, it has been so engraved as almost, for the first time, to do justice to his abilities. The style is a mixture of mezzotint and stipple; and is well calculated to render broad masses such as this, although we doubt its applicability to lesser and more refined details.

THE YOUNG CHIEF'S FIRST RIDE. Painter, FREDERICK TAYLER. Engraver, S. W. REYNOLDS. Publishers, Ackermann & Co.

A fine boy, a venerable servitor, a stout poney, a noble hound, and a brace of shaggy terriers, with a rocky heath and a back-ground of mountains, gracefully and skilfully combined, make up the picture from which this clever engraving has been copied. Although the materials are common, there is nothing common-place about it. The publication is a most agreeable one, and good as a work of art. The scene is Scottish; the boy is the hope and pride of the Clan-Chattan.

GRACE DARLING, AND THE WRECK OF THE FORFARSHIRE STEAM PACKET. Painter, H. P. PARKER. Engraver, C. G. LEWIS. Publishers, Ackermann & Co.

We cannot like this print; but there are thousands who will; for the heroic conduct of Grace Darling will be remembered as long as there are storms and wrecks; and many will think that the artist, in thus honouring her name, will have contributed to excite others to imitate so noble an example when occasion shall call for daring and presence of mind. The leading attraction of the print is that it preserves authentic likenesses of the parties introduced into the scene—the preservers and the preserved, even to the dog of the cheerful and happy home of the brave man and his courageous daughter.

BANDITS DISPUTING. Painter, GEORGE CATERMOLE. Engraver, THOMAS LUPTON. Publishers, Ackermann & Co.

A clever, interesting, and characteristic print; it is full of force and brilliancy. In the corridor of a noble palace that overlooks the sea, a group of bandits are represented quarrelling over their cards and cups; a young girl is bringing in the wine-flask; some picturesque ruffians are looking on, and two are without, planning the next deed of atrocity. It has been skilfully engraved, the peculiar style of the painter having been carefully and judiciously preserved.

SMOKING THE COBBLER. Painter, W. KIDD. Engraver, H. C. SHENTON. Publishers, Ackermann & Co.

A line engraving, and a good one, is a rarity now-a-days. The subject is full of humour and character: a group of mischievous urchins have fastened upon a cobbler's stall, and are teasing the angry old man, out of whose reach they will take good care to keep. If we may not class this print high as a work of art, but wish the clever engraver had occupied his time and talents upon a theme worthier of both, we may, at least, describe it as a pleasant publication, that cannot fail to gratify and satisfy those who desire characteristic portraits and incidents of humble life, in preference to the loftier and nobler productions of the painter. The class is still very numerous in England.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We have, we believe, remedied the evil complained of. It was one that annoyed us much; we made a change as soon as we could. We cannot doubt that the "*Visit to Dedham*" will be desirable.

Our Irish correspondent, "a Member of the Irish Art-Union," will see that our views are very opposite from his; nevertheless, we should have published his letter if we could have found space for it.

"Artistus," who recommends the procuring a room in which to place the pictures not received this year into the Royal Academy, is not aware of the serious difficulties in the way of such a plan.

We shall review Mr. Eastlake's valuable work next month. It was impossible in this number to afford it the space to which it is entitled.

Mr. Briery's next print will be the schooner yacht "*Wanderer*;" he contemplates making the *Vanguard* one of the series.

Our best thanks to our correspondent at Birmingham. We shall endeavour to attend to his suggestions.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL-MALL.—The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.
Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS,
Suffolk-street, Pall-mall East, is now open daily, from 9 till dusk.—
Admission 1s. H. E. DAWE, Secretary.

Subscribers to the *Conversazione* are admitted to the Day Exhibition free; and Annual Subscribers of £1 1s. have the right of introducing a friend daily.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the NEW SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS is NOW OPEN, at their GALLERY, 53, Pall Mall (adjoining the British Institution), from Nine o'clock till Dusk.—Admission 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.
JAMES FAHEY, Hon. Sec.

ROYAL IRISH ART-UNION.—The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will CONTINUE OPEN for this month. Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of becoming members, and participating in the next distribution of Prizes, will please to send their subscriptions *without delay* to Stewart Blacker, Esq., Hon. Secretary, 20, Gardiner's-place, Dublin.

N.B.—One Pound constitutes a member; additional chances being allowed for every pound contributed, with a copy of the Engraving published exclusively for the members.

NOTICE to PAINTERS and SCULPTORS.—LIVING MODEL ACADEMY, 14, Upper St. Martin's-lane.—This ATELIER, the only one of its class in England, except that supported by the Royal Academy, is OPEN EVERY EVENING, from Five until Seven o'clock, for STUDY. No person but a Member can be admitted during the hours of study. Members are not admitted for a shorter period than one year, and every candidate for admission can only be admitted by ballot. Further particulars may be known by addressing letters, post paid, to the Curator, at the Institution.
W. B. SANSFIELD TAYLOR, Curator.

PICTURES OF HIGH CLASS.

Gallery, corner of Trafalgar-square, opposite St. Martin's Church.
MESSRS. GRITTEN and SON respectfully invite Noblemen and Gentlemen collecting, to view at their Gallery some important Italian and Dutch PICTURES, including the Last Supper, by Raffaele, engraved by Marc Antonio; Virgin, Child, and St. John, by Pierino del Vaga; Christ at the Well with the Woman of Samaria, by Garofalo, from the collection of Count Ruspoli, near Florence; Morning and Evening, by Claude, from the late Bishop of Derry's collection; a grand Landscape, by Gaspar Poussin, and important Examples, by David Teniers, Ruysdael, Backhuysen, Vandermeer; The Siege of Dunkirk, the chef d'œuvre by Tilborg, from the collection of the Duke of Brunswick, &c., &c., &c.

CATLIN'S NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN GALLERY. Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—This Immense Collection, made by Mr. Catlin during seven years' travel amongst the wildest Tribes in North America, contains 300 portraits in oil, selected from amongst forty-eight different tribes, mostly speaking different languages, consisting of more than 300,000 souls. There are likewise in the Collection 200 paintings of the Landscape and beautiful Prairie Scenes of the great "Far West"—Views of Indian Villages—Indian Dances—Buffalo Hunts—Religious Ceremonies—Tortures, &c., peculiar to those strange people, so often and so beautifully described by Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, and recently by the Hon. C. A. Murray. Besides the Paintings, there is also a very great variety of rich and beautiful Costumes—Weapons—Pipes—Musical Instruments—Implements of War—Scalping Knives and Scalps—and a splendid Wigwam, twenty-five feet high, brought from the base of the Rocky Mountains.
Open from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.—Admittance ONE SHILLING.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S

SPLENDID ADDITION.—Her Majesty the Queen, in her Magnificent Nuptial Dress of Honiton Point Lace, by Mrs. Bidney, Manufacturer of the whole of the Lace for her Majesty's Bridal Dress; and Prince Albert, in his Field Marshal's Uniform; with the Archbishop of Canterbury performing the MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

Exhibition, Bazaar, Baker-street, Portman-square.—Admittance, One Shilling.—Open from Eleven till Dusk, and from Seven till Ten.

UNION ASSURANCE OFFICE.

CORNHILL, AND 70, BAKER STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE.

INSTITUTED IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

THE LIFE DEPARTMENT of this Society embraces all the important benefits of a Participation in the Profits every Seven Years, with the perfect Security of large Invested Funds accumulated during the long period of more than a Century and a Quarter, and possessing powers which were granted by an especial Act of Parliament in the Reign of King George III. By another Table of Rates lately published, a considerable diminution will be found in the Premiums usually charged—to this Class Profits do not attach. The Reduction of Premium applies also to Insurances for one and Seven Years—and all Life Premiums can be paid Half-yearly or Quarterly, if more convenient.

FIRE INSURANCES effected upon every description of property, including Rent; and Policies should be renewed within 15 days after each Quarter Day.

THOMAS LEWIS, Secretary.
The Life Tables may be had Gratis as above, and of the Agents.

MR. COESVELT'S GALLERY OF PICTURES.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE and MANSON respectfully inform the Nobility and Connoisseurs, that they have received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, at their Great Room, King-street, St. James's-square, on Saturday, June 13, the Magnificent GALLERY of PICTURES of that eminent Connoisseur William Coesvelt, Esq. This well-known collection comprises highly celebrated and important works of the Masters of the different great schools of Italy and Spain.

May be viewed two days preceding, and Catalogues had.

THE BEAUTIFUL DRAWINGS OF THE MUSEE ROYAL.

To be Sold by Auction, by Messrs. CHRISTIE and MANSON, at their Rooms, King-street, St. James's, on WEDNESDAY, May 6th, at One o'clock precisely,

ONE HUNDRED and FIFTEEN beautiful finished DRAWINGS, by distinguished French Artists, from the original Pictures and Statues in the Louvre, made for that magnificent society, THE MUSEE ROYAL. The original Proprietors of which nearly expended the sum of two millions of francs upon the execution of these Drawings by the most distinguished artists of the period, from the celebrated Works of the Italian, French, Flemish, and Dutch Painters, and from the antique Statues which adorn the Gallery of the Louvre.

May be viewed two days preceding.

THE WORKS of the LATE THOMAS DANIELL, Esq., R.A. To be Sold by Auction, by Messrs. CHRISTIE and MANSON, at their Rooms, King-street, St. James's, on FRIDAY, May 22nd, and following day, at One o'clock precisely,

THE COLLECTION of that very celebrated Royal Academician, THOMAS DANIELL, Esq., deceased, whose elegant and very talented works have made Europe so familiar with the Scenery of the East.

These consist of oil Pictures and Sketches of all the Temples and most interesting spots in India, with characteristic subjects and figures. Coloured and Mounted Sets of the great works. Some Pictures by old masters. Copies by Mr. Daniell from Dutch Pictures and from Wilson; Prints and Books of Prints; and the Library of Works on Art, and General Literature.

May be viewed two days preceding, and Catalogues had.

The very important Collection of Ancient and Modern Engravings of a Nobleman of High Rank, deceased.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE and MANSON respectfully inform the Nobility and Connoisseurs, that they will SELL by AUCTION, at their Great Room, King-street, St. James's-square, on Tuesday, May 19, and two following Days, by order of the Executors, the very important and highly-celebrated COLLECTION of ANCIENT and MODERN ENGRAVINGS of a Nobleman of high rank, deceased. Containing, among many other rare Engravings the valuable productions of Marc Antonio, Julio Bonasone, and the early Italian masters; beautiful Proofs after Wilkie, Landseer, and others of the English School; Books of Prints, &c. &c. Catalogues may be had.

The unrivalled Collection of Prints and Drawings of the late William Esdaile, Esq.—By Messrs. CHRISTIE and MANSON, at their Great Room, King-street, St. James's-square, on Monday, June 8, and many following Days, by order of the Executors.

THIS wonderful Collection, which occupied so many years of tasteful research, and the most acute judgment during life, of that distinguished Connoisseur, William Esdaile, Esq., will be found to contain the entire Lawrence Collections of Drawings of Titian, Claude, and Rembrandt, besides his own very rich collection of specimens of all the schools, made many years before these great acquisitions. The Prints include almost unique series of the works of M. Antonio, his school, and other Italian Engravers; the matchless assemblage of the works of Rembrandt and other Dutch Masters, Germans, French, and English. Catalogues are being prepared.

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